

★ Dec. 28, 1940

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NEW YORKER



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America says, "Thumbs up"

The Roman people held the power of life and death over a combatant in the Colosseum.

It was Thumbs Up or Thumbs Down.

The American people hold the power of life and death over a product or business

—and with the American people it's Thumbs Up for Quality.

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* * *

The Roman people wanted "Bread and Circuses."

The American people want quality and performance when they spend their money.

* * *

A penny for an all-day sucker that he thinks is a full money's worth makes a child happy. If he gets "gypped" he's mad at that candy store.

* * *

If a woman gets "stung" on a can of tomatoes, a vacuum cleaner, or a pair of stockings, she "Thumbs Down"

the brand; oftentimes the store where it is sold.

* * *

There are people, in business and in private, who are not True Purchasing Agents.

They look at a griddle or a gasket, not for what it does, just for what it costs.

* * *

If you feel something does more for you than you expect it to for its cost, that cost is low.

If you feel something does less for you than you expect it should for its cost, that cost is too high—and a delusion.

* * *

The American Purchasing Agent knows these things—it is his business to know them.

Products and services that come before the American Purchasing Agent have to be good to catch his eye; have to stay good to keep it.

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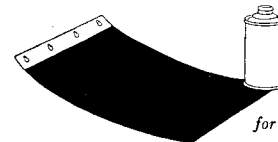
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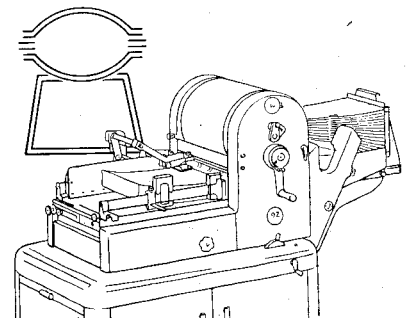
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(Holiday schedules are often uncertain, so, before setting out, you'd do well to call the box office for last-minute information. . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

CHARLEY'S AUNT—Remarkable direction and a splendid performance by José Ferrer make this old relic something you're almost certain to enjoy. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mats. Thurs. and Fri., Dec. 26-27.)

THE CORN IS GREEN—Ethel Barrymore triumphant in Emlyn Williams' play about a teacher who discovers a genius. The cast also includes Richard Waring, Rhys Williams, Thelma Schnee, and Edmond Breon. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mats. Thurs., Dec. 26 and Jan. 2.)

CUE FOR PASSION—A rather malicious melodrama based on the lives of two people everybody knows. George Coulouris and Gale Sondergaard are the maligned couple. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

DELICATE STORY—Very fragile piece by Ferenc Molnár about a delicatessen storekeeper who almost lost his wife to a soldier. Handsome performances by Edna Best, Jay Fasset, and John Craven help a good deal. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat. Closes Sat., Dec. 28.)

GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE—Mr. Kaufman and Mr. Hart discuss life in the country in a way to make your blood run cold. The excellent cast includes Ernest Truex, Jean Dixon, Percy Kilbride, and Dudley Digges. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

LIFE WITH FATHER—Russell Crouse and Howard Lindsay have taken the late Clarence Day's memories of his family and made them into one of the pleasantest comedies you're likely to see. Mr. Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney are Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER—Monty Woolley is splendid as the famous raconteur who turns an Ohio household upside down. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

THE OLD FOOLISHNESS—Paul Vincent Carroll's new play is no "Shadow and Substance," but it will probably please most devotees of the Irish drama just the same. In the cast are Sally O'Neil, Roy Roberts, Vincent Donohue, and Sean Dillon. (Windsor, 48, E. PE 6-4891. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., Dec. 26.)

RETREAT TO PLEASURE—Irwin Shaw's play about three men, all of whom decide they don't want to marry the same girl. The Group Theatre's first production of this season has its lively moments, but Mr. Shaw can do much better. Edith Atwater, Hume Cronyn, John Emery, and Leif Erickson have the principal parts. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., Dec. 26.)

SEPARATE ROOMS—Old-time bedroom roughhouse that's pleasant enough in its childish way. With Glenda Farrell, Alan Dinehart, and Lyle Talbot. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

TOBACCO ROAD—Eighth year. With Will Geer. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Sun. at 8:30, and Tues. through Sat. at 8:45. Mats. at 3, Sun.; at 2:45, Wed. and Sat. and Thurs., Dec. 26.)

TWELFTH NIGHT—If somebody really had to dig up this piece of work, Helen Hayes and Maurice Evans were probably the people to do it. Margaret Webster's direction is a great help, too. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.; extra Mats. Fri., Dec. 27, and Wed., Jan. 1.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

OLD ACQUAINTANCE—Jane Cowl and Peggy Wood in a comedy by John van Druten, produced by Dwight Deere Wiman. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Mon. through Sat. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Thurs. and Sat., Dec. 26 and 28, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter.)

WITH MUSIC

BOYS AND GIRLS TOGETHER—Ed Wynn as Ed Wynn in a very engaging and handsome revue. Jane Pickens, Dave Apollon, and the De Marcos take over briefly when the great man gets tired. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., Dec. 26.)

CABIN IN THE SKY—An all-colored musical fantasy which combines some of the qualities of "The Green Pastures" and "Liliom." Ethel Waters' strong and beautiful performance probably makes it seem better than it is. Katherine Dunham, Todd



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 4.

Duncan, and Rex Ingram are also in the cast. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., Dec. 26.)

HELIZ-A-POPPI—This free-for-all is now in its third year and may well go on forever. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Tues. through Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Thurs. through Sat., Dec. 26-28, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter.)

HOLD ON TO YOUR HATS—Al Jolson back singing all the old songs, and a lot of new ones, too. He is disguised as a radio cowboy, but you can just ignore that. Martha Raye, Jack Whiting, and many other industrious people do their share to keep things moving. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

IT HAPPENS ON ICE—Some of the greatest skaters in the world turned loose on one of the biggest stages in a show that starts off by being very exciting and then gets a little tiresome. Sonja Henie, who sponsors it, doesn't appear, but Joe Cook does. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40; extra performance New Year's Eve at 11:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mats. Thurs., Fri., and Mon., Dec. 26, 27, and 30.)

LOUISIANA PURCHASE—A fine musical comedy about New Orleans politics, possibly under the late Senator Long, written by Morrie Ryskind and Irving Berlin. Victor Moore is magnificent as a New England reformer, and William Gaxton, Vera Zorina, and Irene Bordoni are very helpful, too. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mats. Fri., Dec. 27, and Mon., Dec. 30.)

PANAMA HATTIE—An excellent musical comedy, with Ethel Merman as a girl who knocks around with sailors but turns out nicely just the same. Cole Porter wrote the music and the cast includes Arthur Treacher, Phyllis Brooks, James Dunn, and Rags Ragland. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mats. Thurs., Dec. 26, and Mon., Dec. 30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

MEET THE PEOPLE—A topical revue which has had quite a run in Hollywood. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 5-5357. Tues. through Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Fri. and Sat., Dec. 27-28, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter.)

PAL JOEY—A musical comedy, with songs by Rodgers and Hart and book by John O'Hara, all based on the O'Hara "Pal Joey" pieces. Staged and pro-

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THE NEW YORKER

25 WEST 43RD STREET

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ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300

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duced by George Abbott. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

MY SISTER EILEEN—A dramatization by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph A. Fields of Ruth McKenney's book, with Shirley Booth and Morris Carnovsky. Staged by George S. Kaufman and produced by Max Gordon. Opens Thurs., Dec. 26. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

ALL IN FUN—A revue by Virginia Faulkner, Will Irwin, and several others, with Imogene Coca, Wynn Murray, and Bill Robinson. Produced by Leonard Sillman. Opens Fri., Dec. 27. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

THE FLYING GERARDO—Florence Reed in a comedy by Kenyon Nicholson and Charles Robinson. Staged by Mr. Nicholson and produced by Edward Choate. Opens Sun., Dec. 29. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. No performance Wed., Jan. 1. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat. the first week, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter.)

FLIGHT TO THE WEST—A play by Elmer Rice, with Betty Field. Staged by Mr. Rice and produced by the Playwrights' Company. Opens Mon., Dec. 30. (Guild, 52, W. CO 5-8229. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

THE LADY WHO CAME TO STAY—Mady Christians and Mildred Natwick in a play by Kenneth White, based on a novel by R. E. Spencer. Staged and produced by Guthrie McClintic. Opens Thurs., Jan. 2. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. LO 5-0668. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

ANGNA ENTERS—The dance mime will present numbers she's been successful with in the past: Sun. and Tues. Eves., Dec. 29 and 31, at 8:40. (Alvin, 52, W. CO 5-4144.)

RUTH AND PAUL DRAPER—Appearing together for the first time in a monologue-and-dance recital: daily through Sun., Jan. 5. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Eves. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Sat., Dec. 28 and Jan. 4, and Mon., Dec. 30.)

TRIANGLE SHOW—Princeton is calling this year's venture "Many a Slip": Fri. and Sat. Eves., Jan. 3-4, at 8:30, and Sat. Aft., Jan. 4, at 2:30. (Al Jolson Theatre, 7 Ave. at 58. CO 5-8707.)

CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT—"Hänsel and Gretel," adapted for the stage by Terry Morgan and Jeanne Elgart and produced by the Hilltop Theatre: daily through Wed., Jan. 1, at 2:30 P.M. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougall. GR 5-8151.) . . . Junior Programs presenting "Robin Hood," a ballet by Saul Lancourt and Margaret Carlisle: Mon. Aft., Dec. 30, at 3. (Hunter College Theatre, Park at 68. RH 4-4580.) . . . Leopold Prince's children's symphony orchestra and other young artists playing in a benefit for children in England: Sat. Aft., Dec. 28, at 2:45. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460.)

BALLET

ORIGINAL BALLET RUSSSE—Colonel W. de Basil's company in a repertory of new and old ballets: "Les Sylphides," "Petrouchka," and "Graduation Ball," Thurs. Aft., Dec. 26. . . "Les Sylphides," "Le Coq d'Or," and "Graduation Ball," Thurs. Eve., Dec. 26. . . "Swan Lake," "Le Coq d'Or," and "Aurora's Wedding," Fri. Eve., Dec. 27. . . "Swan Lake," "Cinderella," and "Graduation Ball," Sat. Aft., Dec. 28. . . "Les Sylphides," "Paganini," "Spectre de la Rose," and "Graduation Ball," Sat. Eve., Dec. 28. . . "Cimarosiana," "Cinderella," and "Graduation Ball," Sun. Aft., Dec. 29. . . "Les Sylphides," "Paganini," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Cimarosiana," Sun. Eve., Dec. 29. . . "Swan Lake," "Petrouchka," and "Graduation Ball," Mon. Eve., Dec. 30. . . "Swan Lake," "Le Coq d'Or," and "Graduation Ball," Tues. Eve., Dec. 31. . . "Les Sylphides," "Petrouchka," "Spectre de la Rose," and "Prince Igor," Wed. Aft., Jan. 1. . . "Les Sylphides," "Paganini," and "Aurora's Wedding," Thurs. Eve., Jan. 2. . . "Schéhérazade," "Choreartium," and "Graduation Ball," Fri. Eve., Jan. 3. . . "Carnaval," "Petrouchka," and "Graduation Ball," Sat. Aft., Jan. 4. . . "Pavillon," "Francesca da Rimini," and "Graduation Ball," Sat. Eve., Jan. 4. (51st Street, B'way at 51. CI 7-5545. Eves. at 8:30; Mats. at 2:30.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment.)

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Larry Siry's orchestra is playing in the Trianon Room. Formal

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The F.R. Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; C. L. Cornell, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. dir. Subscription \$5.00. Vol. XVI, No. 46, December 28, 1940. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1940, by The F.R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A.

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And so the Mercury was built to give new answers by introducing new ideas to the big-car field.

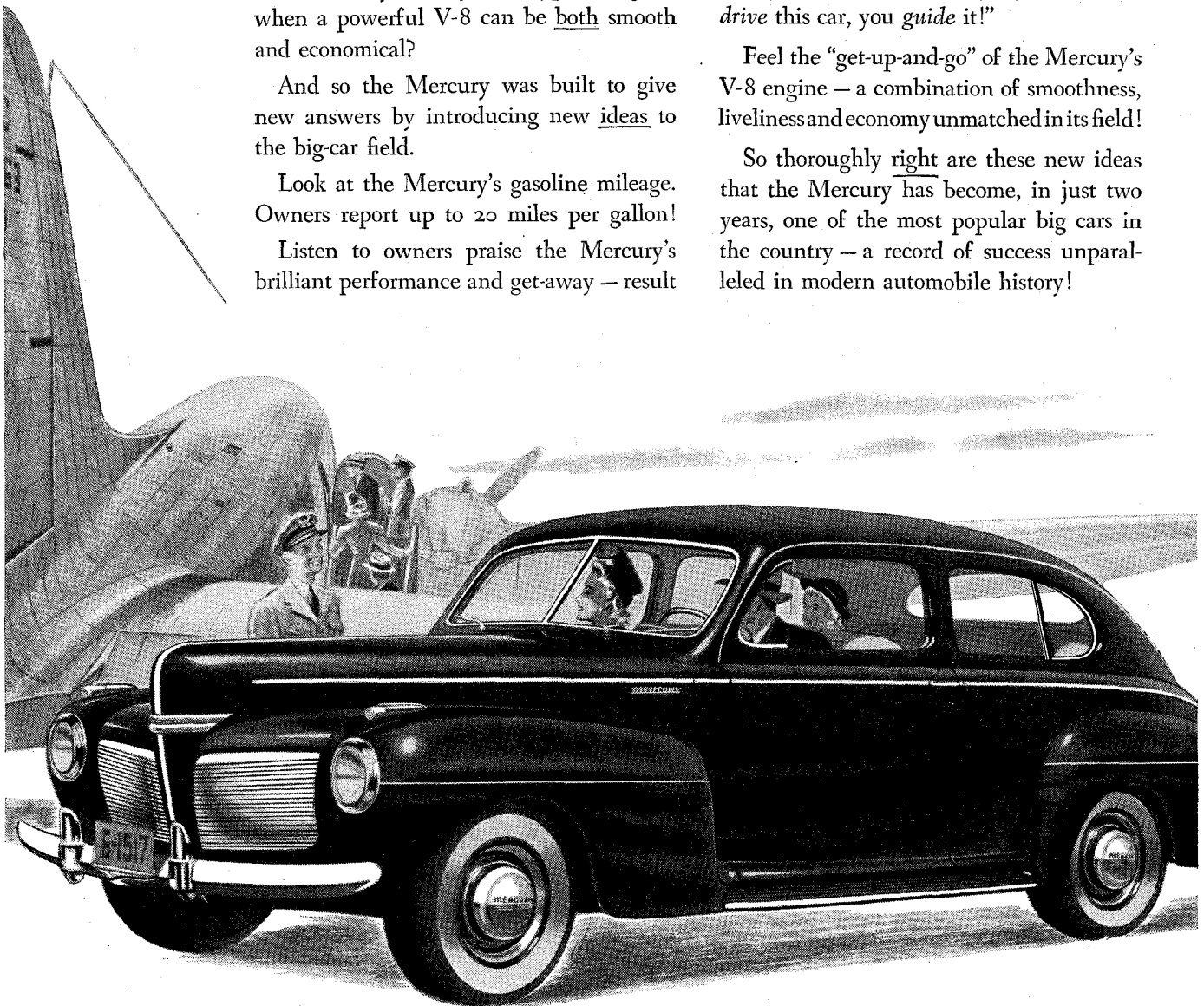
Look at the Mercury's gasoline mileage. Owners report up to 20 miles per gallon!

Listen to owners praise the Mercury's brilliant performance and get-away — result

of an unusually favorable balance of car weight and "net driving power." Both men and women applaud the Mercury's extraordinary ease of control. They say, "You don't *drive* this car, you *guide* it!"

Feel the "get-up-and-go" of the Mercury's V-8 engine — a combination of smoothness, liveliness and economy unmatched in its field!

So thoroughly right are these new ideas that the Mercury has become, in just two years, one of the most popular big cars in the country — a record of success unparalleled in modern automobile history!



THE 1941 MERCURY 8 is a handsome big car, with streamlines as commanding as its way on the road. Doors and body flare out over the running boards for extra width inside, so that six big people ride in comfort. Glass areas are "picture-window" size. A new ride-stabilizer and a longer wheelbase contribute to the restfulness of the Mercury Ride.

A drive in a Mercury 8 will answer *your* questions. Any Mercury, Lincoln or Ford dealer will be glad to arrange a revelation ride for you.



Mercury 8

The Big Car That Stands Alone in Economy

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M. **Café Pierre**, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—This has been going strong ever since Felix Ferry thought it up. Carol Bruce sings and Gerry Morton's orchestra plays.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—A new and excellent tropical one, all done up with mirrors and white palm trees. Nat Brandwynne's and Fausto Curbello's orchestras, and a small show. **El Morocco**, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—You'll never guess what they have here. Zebra stripes! They have Jack Towne's orchestra, too, and Don De Vodi's rumba band.

FÉFÉ'S MONTE CARLO, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-7341)—As good as they come. Ted Straeter's orchestra. Must dress, unless you're just going to sit in the bar. **LARUE**, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—The dine-and-dance crowd likes this place, and so should you. Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

PARK LANE, Park at 48 (WI 2-4100)—Herbert Hagenor's orchestra is in the Tapestry Room until about 10 P.M. (later on New Year's Eve), specializing in Viennese waltzes.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Paul Haakon is in the Persian Room at the dinner hour, the De Marcos and Chiquito's rumba band are there at supper, and Dick Gasparre's orchestra stays around all evening. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—This skyscraping aerie has Eddie Le Baron's orchestra and a show which includes Elvira Rios and Gali Gali. Formal dress required on the dance floor. . . . Barry Winton's orchestra continues to play in the informal Rainbow Grill.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Dorothy Lewis, Hazel Franklin, and other ice-skaters are cutting up handsomely in the Iridium Room, with Hal Saunders' orchestra perched on the edge of the rink. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Hildegard is at home again in the Café Lounge, where Bob Grant's orchestra plays.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—You know, the Stork Club. Sonny Kendis's orchestra and a rumba band.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A big East Side place, flavored with a dash of Broadway. The present show will be replaced on Fri., Dec. 27, by a new one with John Hoysradt, Peggy Fears, and Hal LeRoy. Nicholas D'Amico's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band will remain.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Eddy Duchin's orchestra will be playing in the Empire Room every night except New Year's Eve, when it will switch to the Sert Room, where Mischa Borr's orchestra ordinarily plays. Los Chavalillos, the Spanish dancers, will follow the Duchin schedule, except that they'll be leaving for Hollywood on Wed., Jan. 1. Tommy Tucker's band will be in the Empire Room on New Year's Eve.

SUPPER CLUBS—Entertainment but no dancing—**LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Paula Laurence singing and Vicente Gomez playing his guitar in the same old way, which is perfectly all right with everybody. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): sketches by George Lloyd, swing by Billie Haywood and Cliff Allen, and, of course, songs by Spivy. . . . **ALGONQUIN**, 59 W. 44 (MU 2-0100): with Olga Baclanova in charge of things. . . . **BREVOORT**, 5 Ave. at 8 (ST 9-7300): the Virginia Morley-Livingston Gearhart piano team, Hope Emerson, and some others. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the incidental music is pleasant, and so are the log fire and the lights of the Park below.

MISCELLANEOUS—At the **MONTFARNASSE**, Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345): not as far off the beaten track as you might think, and worth the journey anyway. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): a nice, small retreat, with Harold Nagel's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): a dance floor no bigger than a minute, with music by Frank Mandella's orchestra. . . . **LA MARTINIQUE**, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a large, gay place, with Leo Reisman's orchestra and, of course, a rumba band. Closed Mon. . . . **CLUB CUBA**, 125 E. 54 (EL 5-2922): full of lively people trying out their conga ideas. Songs by Anne Francine, through Tues., Dec. 31. . . . **LA CONGA**, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): for la conga. . . . **CASINO Russe**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): only a step from Carnegie Hall, and a good place to drop into after a concert. . . . **Café Society Uptown**, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): swing on the East Side, with Hazel Scott, Ammons and Johnson, the Golden Gate Quartet, and Teddy Wilson's band—all capable Negro entertainers. . . . **BILTMORE**, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Will Bradley's orchestra. . . . **COMMODORE**, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Sammy Kaye's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Joe Reichman's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Woody Herman's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glenn Miller's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **ST. MORITZ**, 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800):

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 4.

Eddie Varzos' orchestra. . . . **WARWICK**, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): small and secluded, with a mite of a dance floor and Ray Benson's orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): the old songs, of course—loud but pleasant. No dancing. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rowdy-dow fun way down in the Village for people who never seem to want to go home.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the **DIAMOND HORSESHOE**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Gilda Gray, Blanche Ring, and Julian Eltinge in a Billy Rose show. . . .

BEACHCOMBER, B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): torrid-zonish, with Val Olman's orchestra and a show. . . . **HURRICANE**, B'way at 49 (CI 6-7147): still another tropical affair, with Eddie Bush's orchestra. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID**, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): quite a lot of South American entertainment, and a rumba band, too. . . . **18 CLUB**, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White isn't especially delicate about his quips, but nobody seems to mind. Pat Harrington and Frankie Hyers are also active.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At the **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's orchestra playing for admirers who just sit around the bar admiring. Adele Girard is on hand with her harp, and the Spirits of Rhythm are there, too. . . . **Café Society**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a Village institution, with Sister Tharpe, Art Tatum, Meade Lux Lewis, and Red Allen's new band, which includes J. C. Higginbotham. Closed Mon. . . . **KELLY'S STABLE**, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): Billie Holiday, the Clarence Profit Trio (except Wed.), and Coleman Hawkins' band are all on the bill now. . . . **FAMOUS DOOR**, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-7886): Joe Sullivan's band is the principal attraction. Fill-in orchestra Mon. . . . **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): a downtown place with, except Mon., Bobby Hackett's orchestra. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a casual little cellar spot, with some Calypso singers, except Mon., and Zutty Singleton's Trio.

FOREIGN FLAVOR—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM**, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873); and **QUEEN MARY**, 40 E. 58 (PL 3-2313). . . . Polish: **POLISH RESTAURANT**, 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816). . . . Russian: **KRECHMA**, 244 E. 14



RUTH DRAPER,

who is, of course, Paul Draper's aunt and Muriel Draper's sister-in-law. And the most determined monologist of our times. She has given performances in English all over the world, except in China and Japan. The fidgety fellow in the foreground is her nephew, with whom she is currently giving a joint recital.

(GR 7-9784). . . . Latin: **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and **CLUB GAUCHO**, 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries will be closed on New Year's Day.)

AMERICANS—An interesting George Inness and an attractive Luks in a selection of nineteenth-century painters, all from the John F. Braum collection: Douthitt, 9 E. 57. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 1.

ANDREU AND ROBBINS—Skillful, fantastic paintings, surrealistically ominous and full of rococo symbols by Andreu; charmingly unsophisticated flower studies and still lifes, among other subjects, by Robbins: Valentine, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 4.

CONNAWAY—Brisk, realistic marines, principally of the Maine coast: Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 30.

CULVER—Boldly patterned water colors of Midwestern and Mexican landscapes in a first showing that has considerable promise: 460 Park Avenue, at 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 2.

CURRY AND TAYLOR—Rather undistinguished water colors by the first; eerily ironic wash drawings by the second: Walker, 108 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 28.

EUROPEANS—At the **NIERENDORF**, 18 E. 57: arresting early paintings by James Ensor and Kandinsky in a collection mainly of moderns, chosen for color and contrast. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 4. . . . **KOETSER**, 71 E. 57: flower paintings by such seventeenth-century artists as Jan Breughel and Jan van Huysum, from the Eugene Slatter collection. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 4. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64: twenty-eight oils by Italian, Flemish, and French painters of the Fontainebleau school. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 28. . . . **BUCHHOLZ**, 32 E. 57: black-and-whites by Braque, Rouault, Kandinsky, and a dozen or more other moderns. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 28.

FRENCH—At the **FRENCH ART**, 51 E. 57: landscapes by Boudin, Courbet, Corot, and other nineteenth-century painters. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 11. . . . **CARSON**, 38 E. 57: mixed group of paintings by Utrillo, Friesz, Jean Eve, and others considerably less well-known. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 4.

GORSLINE—Smartly painted, carefully observed city scenes: Babcock, 38 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 28.

GROUPS—At the **NATIONAL ARTS CLUB**, 15 Gramercy Pk. S.: twenty-fifth annual exhibition of the Society of American Etchers. Daily 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 28. . . . **JULIEN LEVY**, 15 E. 57: brightly fanciful constructions by Joseph Cornell head a show that includes paintings by Ludwig Bemelmans, Milton Caniff, and David Hare. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 30.

HERALD—Sculptures by a young artist with a strong, and usually successful, flair for experiment: A.C.A., 52 W. 8. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 28.

HOOPES—Smoothly handled water colors that move with unflinching good taste from portraits to bullfights: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 4.

IPCAR—New paintings by the Zorachs' talented daughter, who is now a little less sure of herself artistically than she was as a child: Bignon, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 4.

MARGULIES—Mexican studies, expertly handled: Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Tues. and Thurs. 9 A.M. to 9 P.M.; other weekdays 9 A.M. to 6:30 P.M.; through Dec. 31.

MARIN—New oils and water colors—all swell, and some of the seapieces are real knockouts: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. and New Year's Day, 3 to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 21.

MAUFRA—Graceful, easy, though unexciting oils by one of the less prominent French Impressionists: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 31.

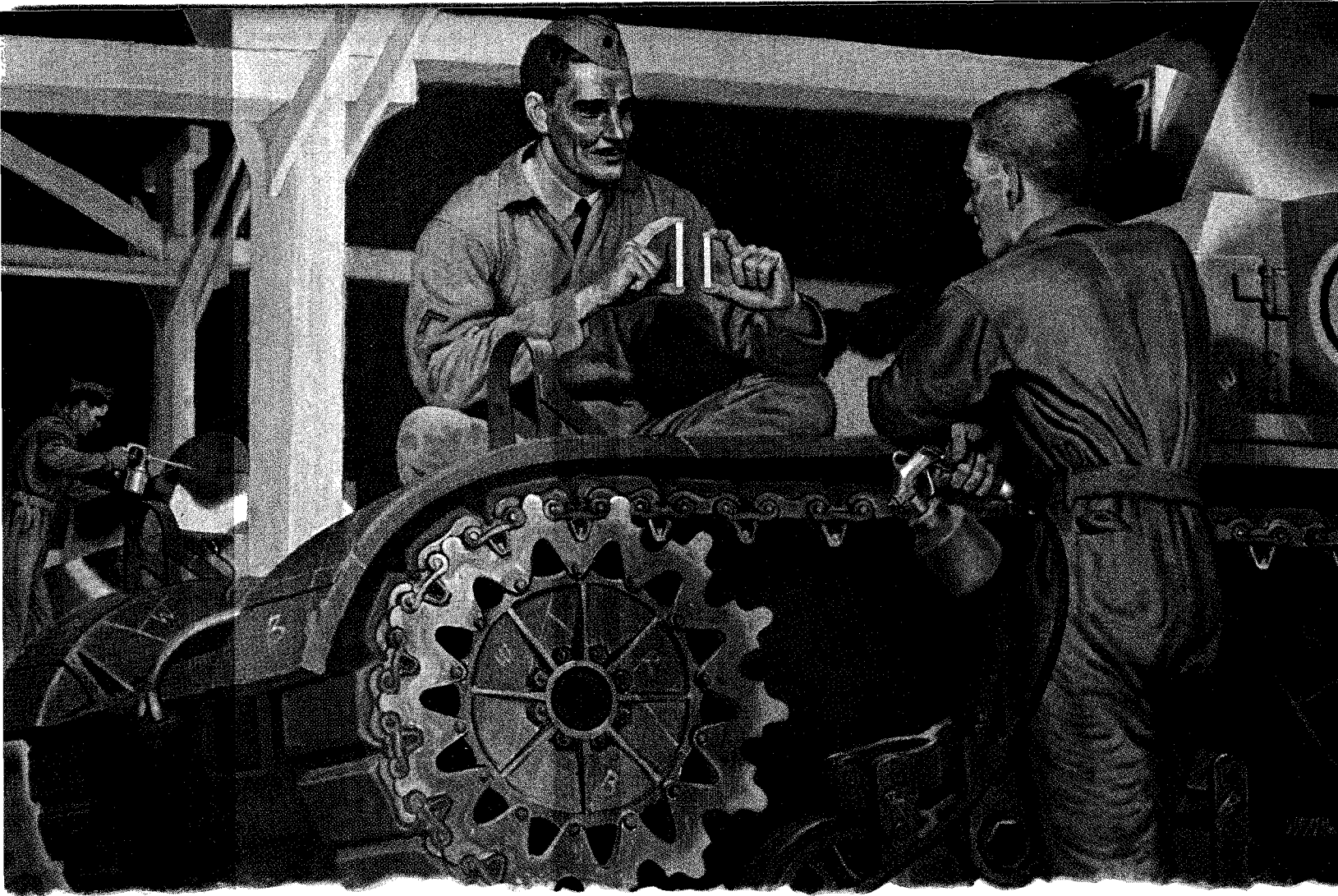
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—Loan exhibition of Islamic miniature paintings and drawings, from the collection of Mrs. George D. Pratt. Weekdays, including New Year's Day, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Feb. 2.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—Selected paintings and sculptures from the Museum's collection. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. and New Year's Day, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 12.

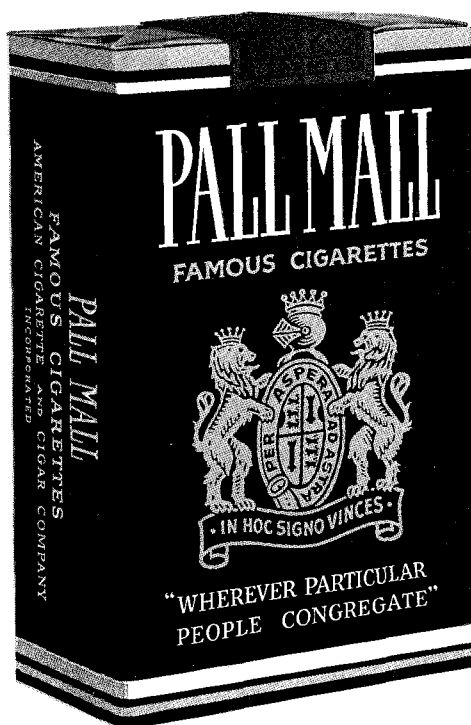
PRATT—Playfully handled oils and sculptures, more or less along surrealist lines, with a kind of eerie childishness that's often effective: Arden, 460 Park, at 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 4.

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 104—The exhibit of contemporary art shown at the World's Fair French Pavilion has been moved over here, and is worth seeing again. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 12.

SANTO, RENNE, AND PICKEN—Crisp, naïve landscapes



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

7

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26,
THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 4.

by Santo; mistily autumnal water colors by Renne; gouaches by Picken (it's a new field for him), smoothly done and sure in feeling: Harriman, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 4.

SCHARY—A set of highly appealing, semi-abstract designs in gouache, based on "Alice in Wonderland." Also, oils and water colors by modern French artists: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 4.

SIMKHOVITCH—Some excellent landscapes and some rather too monumental figure studies in his first exhibition in ten years: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 28.

WALKER—First showing here of this artist's sculptures, firm in modelling and honest in intention: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 3.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8—The big, annual exhibition of contemporary American painting—as always, an important affair. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 8.

HERE AND THERE—At the **CLAY CLONE**, 4 W. 8: group show of sculptures in stone. Mon. through Fri., 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 4. . . . **NEWHOUSE**, 15 E. 57: paintings by Angina Enters. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 4. . . . **MILCH**, 108 W. 57: works by Maurice Sterne and other artists. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 31. . . . **MORTON**, 130 W. 57: silk-screen prints by Harry Gottlieb and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 10. . . . **BONESTELL**, 106 E. 57: religious paintings by Jean Charlot. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 11. . . . **UPTOWN**, 249 West End Ave., at 72: water colors and gouaches by Thomas Nagai. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 9. . . . **O'TOOLE**, 24 E. 64: water colors by S. G. Charles. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 31. . . . **F.A.R.**, 19 E. 61: annual exhibition of prints and sculptures by An American Group. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 31.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are listed below.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC SYMPHONY—Mitropoulos conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Dec. 26, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Dec. 27, at 2:30; Sun. Aft., Dec. 29, at 3; Thurs. Eve., Jan. 2, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Jan. 3, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Jan. 4, at 8:45. (Soloists: Spalding, Dec. 26, 27, and 29; Heifetz, Jan. 2-3; Frantz, Jan. 4.)

N.B.C. SYMPHONY—Toscanini conducting the "Missa Solemnis," with Milanov, Castagna, Bjoerling, Kipnis, and the Westminster Choir as guest performers: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., Dec. 28, at 9:35.

NEW FRIENDS OF MUSIC ORCHESTRA—Stiedry conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Aft., Dec. 29, at 5:30. (Soloist: Petri.)

GENERAL PLATOFF DON COSSACK CHORUS—Kostrukoff conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., Dec. 29, at 8:30.

UKRAINIAN CHORUSES—Koshetz conducting: Town Hall, Sun. Eve., Dec. 29, at 8:30.

CANTATA SINGERS—Mendel conducting the Bach "Christmas Oratorio," a benefit for the Myra Hess Fund for British Musicians: All Souls Church, Mon. Eve., Dec. 30, at 6:30. (Lexington at 80. For tickets, write to the Cantata Singers, 9 E. 59.)

RECITALS

CARNEGIE HALL—Marian Anderson, Fri. Eve., Jan. 3, at 8:30.

TOWN HALL—Muriel Kerr, Fri. Eve., Jan. 3, at 8:30; Jerome Rappaport, Sat. Eve., Jan. 4, at 8:30.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART—The first of a series of concerts by the League of Composers will offer music by Darius Milhaud, with the composer, the Galimir String Quartet, and others appearing: Fri. Eve., Dec. 27, at 8:45. (11 W. 53. CI 5-8900.)

FRIENDSHIP HOUSE—A group of European refugee musicians, with Kurt Adler in charge, will present a number of songs from French and Viennese operettas: Tues. Eve., Dec. 31, at 8:30. (1010 Park Ave., at 85. BU 8-8065.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"Le Nozze di Figaro," Thurs. Eve., Dec. 26; "Madama Butterfly," Fri. Aft., Dec. 27; "Tristan und Isolde," Fri. Eve., Dec. 27; "La Fille du Régiment," Sat. Aft., Dec. 28; "Samson et Dalila," Sat. Eve., Dec. 28; "Il Trovatore," Mon. Eve., Dec. 30; "Lucia di Lammermoor," Tues. Eve., Dec. 31; "Aida," Wed. Eve., Jan. 1; "Die Walküre," Thurs. Eve., Jan. 2; "La Bohème," Fri. Aft., Jan. 3; "Rigoletto," Fri. Eve., Jan. 3; "Tannhäuser," Sat. Aft., Jan. 4; "Don Pasquale" and a ballet, Sat. Eve., Jan. 4. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until a day or so before the performance; it's best to

make a last-minute call to the box office. PE 6-1210.)

SPORTS

HOCKEY—Madison Square Garden—Professional games, at 8:30 P.M.: Americans vs. Boston, Fri., Dec. 27; Rangers vs. Toronto, Sun., Dec. 29; Americans vs. Canadiens, Tues., Dec. 31; Rangers vs. Canadiens, Wed., Jan. 1. . . . Amateur-series games, at 1:30 P.M.: Sun., Dec. 29, and Wed., Jan. 1.

HORSE SHOW—Ox Ridge Hunt Club Indoor Show, Darien, Conn., Sat., Jan. 4, at 9 A.M.

OTHER EVENTS

PHOTOGRAPHY—"War Comes to the People," a show of vivid shots of refugees and scenes behind the European battle lines by Therese Bonney: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. and New Year's Day, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 5.

FASHIONS—Sketches, costumes, and photographs in a retrospective of the Paris openings from 1932 to 1940: Museum of Costume Art, 630 5 Ave., at 50. Weekdays, except Tues. and Wed., Dec. 31-Jan. 1, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 11.

MORGAN LIBRARY—An exhibition of animals and birds in art, with illuminated manuscripts, woodcuts, and drawings from the ninth to the nineteenth centuries: 29 E. 36. Weekdays, except New Year's Day, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 28.

ALLAVERDY BALL—Hotel Plaza, Fri. Eve., Dec. 27, at 9.

LAMBS GAMBOL—The traditional entertainment and dance: Waldorf-Astoria, Tues. Eve., Dec. 31, at 9.

MOTION PICTURES

ANGELS OVER BROADWAY—Ben Hecht's neat, spy film of low-life high jinks, with Rita Hayworth, Thomas Mitchell, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; starting Tues., Dec. 31.)

ARISE, MY LOVE—Lively item for Claudette Colbert and Ray Milland, with Europe and the war as background. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; and Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Sat., Dec. 28. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; through Mon., Dec. 30. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., Jan. 1-2.)

THE BAKER'S WIFE—A racy French item, with a great deal of charm, about a peasant (Raimu) who has wife trouble. (World, 153 W. 49.)

ESCAPE—The very exciting story of Nazi Germany and a flight from it, with Norma Shearer, Nazimova, Conrad Veidt, and Robert Taylor. Not up to the book, though, for pure tension. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Mon., Dec. 30. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Fri., Dec. 31-Jan. 3. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Wed. through Fri., Jan. 1-3. . . . Plaza, 58 E. of Madison; starting Wed., Jan. 1.)

FANTASIA—Don't be scared off by what you hear of it. There are beautiful moments for all, and even the simplest Mickey Mouse-ite has his chance. (Broadway, B'way at 53; daily at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.)

THE GREAT DICTATOR—Charlie Chaplin's dissertation on the great problem of the day, with many a delightful suggestion of the old Chaplin, too. (Astor, B'way at 45; daily at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and New Year's Eve at midnight and Sun. at 6 P.M.)

THE LETTER—More drama and more Bette Davis, and both enthralling. A fine adaptation of Somerset Maugham's play of Singapore scandal, with Gale Sondergaard, Herbert Marshall, and James Stephenson also helping out. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; Palace, B'way at 47; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Nemo, B'way at 110; Hamilton, B'way at 146; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; starting Tues., Dec. 31.)

THE LONG VOYAGE HOME—Eugene O'Neill's famous early one-act plays made into one beautiful film, interpreted and directed by John Ford. Of the sea, the men upon it, and the current war zone. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; and Plaza, 58 E. of Madison;

through Fri., Dec. 27. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Fri. through Mon., Dec. 27-30.)

NIGHT TRAIN—Another British thriller of spies, Berlin, and the outbreak of war—a general, wild hullabaloo. Very exciting indeed, with Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (Globe, B'way at 46; starting Sat., Dec. 28.)

THE PHILADELPHIA STORY—Katharine Hepburn, with Cary Grant, in a triumphant rendering of the Barry play, and never better on the screen in her life. Altogether, a superior picture. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE—You'll be surprised how much Jane Austen this handsome film assays. Greer Garson emerges as one of the cinema's best bets, and there's Laurence Olivier, too. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., Dec. 27.)

SEVEN SINNERS—A South Sea Island populated by Marlene Dietrich and the Navy, and no place for invalids. Theme song: "I Can't Give You Anything but Love, Baby." (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; and Rio, B'way at 160; Thurs., Dec. 26. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; through Sun., Dec. 29. . . . Plaza, 58 E. of Madison; Sat. through Tues., Dec. 28-31.)

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED—The old Sidney Howard play of drama on a California ranch. With Carole Lombard and Charles Laughton. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Dec. 27.)

THE THIEF OF BAGDAD—Sabu and Conrad Veidt and the "Arabian Nights," all lushly Technicolor. Flying carpets, a djinni, and so on are, of course, included. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., Dec. 30. . . . State, B'way at 45; through Wed., Jan. 1. . . . Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; starting Tues., Dec. 31. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; starting Wed., Jan. 1.)

VICTORY—A sound, good screen version of the Conrad novel of the Dutch East Indies and the strange life lived there by strange travellers. With Betty Field, Fredric March, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

THE WESTERNER—Gary Cooper in a story of the plains and the homesteaders, with even such a novelty as Lillie Langtry thrown in. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sun. and Mon., Dec. 29-30. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Tues., Dec. 29-31. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Tues. and Wed., Dec. 31-Jan. 1. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; starting Tues., Dec. 31.)

REVIVALS

BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE (1938)—Riviera high life. Claudette Colbert and Gary Cooper. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Dec. 27.)

THE INFORMER (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. Victor McLaglen. (Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., Dec. 29-30.)

IN NAME ONLY (1939)—Kay Francis, Carole Lombard, and Cary Grant in the usual triangle mess. (Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., Dec. 27-29.)

THE LIFE AND LOVES OF BEETHOVEN (1937)—A serious biographical sketch. French, with Harry Baur. (Art, 36 E. 8; through Fri., Dec. 27.)

MAYERLING (1937)—A French film about an arch-duke's tragic love. Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; starting Mon., Dec. 30.)

MY FAVORITE WIFE (1940)—Irene Dunne leaves, and comes back to, Cary Grant. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Wed. through Fri., Jan. 1-3.)

PINOCCHIO (1940)—Walt Disney full-length cartoon. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Dec. 26. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sat. through Mon., Dec. 28-30.)

THE 39 STEPS (1935)—Hitchcock excitement. Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. and Wed., Dec. 31-Jan. 1.)

WUTHERING HEIGHTS (1939)—The Brontë story. Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier. (Thalia, B'way at 95; starting Mon., Dec. 30.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing a series of D. W. Griffith films weekdays, including New Year's Day, at 4 P.M. and Sun. at 2 and 4 P.M. On **THURS.**, Dec. 26: "The New York Hat," with Mary Pickford and Lionel Barrymore; "Judith of Bethulia," with Blanche Sweet, Mae Marsh, and Lillian Gish; and "Home, Sweet Home," with Lillian and Dorothy Gish, and Jack Pickford. **FRI.**, Dec. 27: "The Birth of a Nation," with Lillian Gish, Henry B. Walthall, and Mae Marsh. **SAT.**, Dec. 28: "Intolerance," with Lillian Gish, Constance Talmadge, and Eric von Stroheim. **SUN.**, Dec. 29: "Hearts of the World," with Lillian and Dorothy Gish, and Eric von Stroheim. **MON.**, Dec. 30: "Broken Blossoms," with Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess. **TUES.**, Dec. 31: "Way Down East," with Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess. **WED.**, Jan. 1: "Orphans of the Storm," with Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Joseph Schildkraut, and Louis Wolheim.



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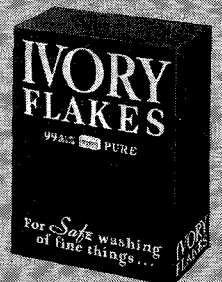


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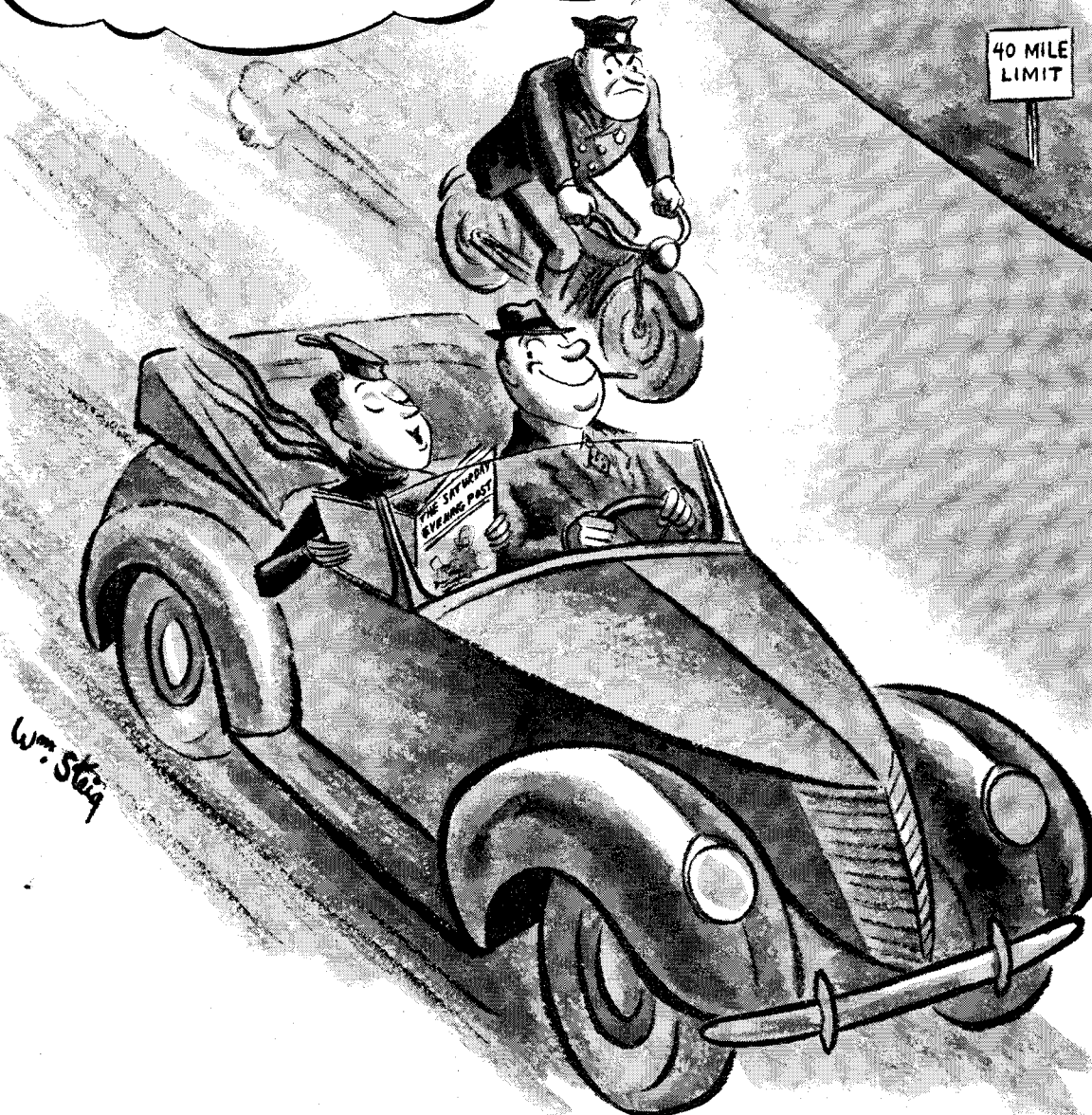
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE last days of the year 1940 were as bleak as any we can remember, but we did run across a few cheerful items. A domestic crisis, for instance, was brewing in Fifty-second Street, where Mrs. Tony Soma, the wife of a restaurateur, announced that she was opening a rival establishment next door to be known as Tony's Wife. Little Jean Gauntt, who was going to live forever, renounced immortality and went back to her mother, to the indignation of the Royal Society of Master Metaphysicians, which had been plying her with vegetables and supernatural thought for over a year. It was decided to replace bugles with electric buzzers to wake up a company of soldiers at Fort



Dix. A Mrs. Henry Soffe Thompson, Jr., testified in court that her husband took no interest whatever in her society, preferring to whittle. The etchings of an artist from Honolulu were advertised as appearing in the collections of President Roosevelt, Spencer Tracy, the Fogg Museum at Harvard, and Shirley Temple. A raiding party of French Indo-China guerrillas attacked the frontier town of Chanthaburi, and then fell back under Siamese fire. The raiders numbered twenty-four and they came on three horses, two elephants, and a bicycle. A Danbury hat company achieved the most successful industrial speedup to date with the installation of a machine which receives loose fur at one end and turns out complete hats at the other. The son of the Princess Hohenlohe-Waldenburg-Schillingsfürst, who faces deportation, remarked that his mother was not a spy but merely a woman "with a foolish fondness for mystery." Wendell

L. Willkie was around town looking for a job. Finally, three scientists at Northwestern University invented an instrument so sensitive to heat that it could register a change in temperature as little as one millionth of a degree. This is undoubtedly the device to record the glow of pleasure you will receive from these tidings, but they are the best we can do.

WE like the recent announcement by "authoritative Japanese quarters" concerning the Netherlands East Indies. The Japanese Foreign Minister is going to ask a few economic favors of the Indies in the next few days, and the announcement we refer to said simply that this would be the Indies' "last chance." What we liked about it was its absence of any mention of exhausted patience. According to our files, this was the first totalitarian announcement this year that refrained from pointing out that the spokesman had been just as patient as it was possible for any human to be but had finally been driven to disciplinary measures by somebody else's pigheaded refusal to be nice. Scarcely a week went by during the entire year



that didn't find some spokesman coming sadly to the end of his patience. The most remarkable performance of this kind, we think, was the one in Norway recently, when the Quisling government announced that its patience would be exhausted on the following Tuesday—and, by George, it was. Anyway, what we started to do here was congratulate the Netherlands East Indies. Must feel pretty nice to be grown up.

WE have just received a rather timely communication from Elder Paul Dilbeck, "evangelist and prophet to

all nations and tongues," who lives at 2429 Mistletoe Street, New Orleans, a rather cheerful address. We admire the Elder because while a good many people, from Jeremiah to Dorothy Thompson, have given us some idea of what we are in for, he seems to us the first one to get *everything* down on paper, with no nonsense about it. The Elder's composition is called "Fair Warning to the Entire World," and it begins, "Woe! Woe! Woe! To the inhabitants of the earth and sea." After this rather general prophecy, there are specific details, taking up six closely printed pages. Obviously, we can't give you all of them, but there are a couple of points we think you ought to know about. "God," according to Dilbeck, "is going to fill this earth and every house in the whole world . . . full of serpents, flying and crawling. . . . In one moment every wheel on every automobile or train moving or standing still will be snatched off. . . . Every light will be put out, every coal of fire destroyed. . . . Every domestic animal that people eat or use will drop dead. . . . Every city in the whole world will be laid waste. . . . You will see gold and silver cast into the streets. . . . God is going to visit all of this world with all the plagues that are written in the books from Genesis to Revelation. . . . Your houses will be full of lions." The Elder also observes that if you think you can go to heaven and still "drink wine and beer and whiskey; go to shows and baseball and dances, lodges and sectarian



churches, political parties and chew and smoke," you are in for quite a nasty little surprise. His pamphlet closes with the words "If not interested, do not destroy. Pass it on." We are passing it

on. Happy New Year, children. Watch out for the lions.

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: One of the elevator doors on the second floor of the Equitable Building, 120 Broadway, is marked "Express to Ground Floor."

A questionnaire sent out to members of the Wellesley College class of 1916 to gather information for the forthcoming twenty-fifth-anniversary album has blanks for the names of two husbands and six children.

The Majestic Dairy, on Columbus Avenue, carries, if you believe the sign in the window, "a full line of appetizing and smoked fish."

Author in the Forenoon

FORTUITOUS circumstances enabled us last week to interview Ernest Hemingway, the novelist, and Sidney Franklin, the matador, and at the same time to watch Mr. Hemingway box six one-minute rounds with George Brown, a former trainer of prizefighters. These things came about one forenoon at Mr. Brown's gymnasium on West Fifty-seventh Street, Mr. Hemingway having told us on the telephone that he was leaving town the next day and was pressed for time, and having amiably invited us to meet him at Brown's. When we got there he introduced us to Brown, who was in trunks and sweatshirt, and we sat on a massage table while Hemingway changed from street clothes into a long woollen union suit and put on trunks and sweatshirt over it. In the process he found that he weighed two hundred and nineteen pounds stripped. "Brown, here, used to train Greb," said Hemingway. Brown looked at the floor. "This is a good place," Hemingway said cheerfully. "It's a good place to come if you're planning to cool somebody, and even if you're not planning to cool somebody, it's a good place for keeping in shape. I come here every morning when I'm in New York. I always live a hell of a healthy life for the first three hours of every day."

We asked him how his new book, "For Whom the Bell Tolls," was going. "It's selling so fast it's ridiculous," he said. "My wife and I are going out to the Orient after Christmas and put some

of that dough back on the line." We complimented him on the reviews the book had received and he said, "It's a better book than I can write, actually." Turning to Brown, he asked, "You finished it yet, George?" and Brown said, "Not quite, Ernie." "Have you got to that fight on the hill, when El Sordo and his men get wiped out?" asked the novelist. "Yeah, that's swell," said Brown. Hemingway grinned pleasantly. "I just made the whole book up as I went along," he said. "I used to say to my wife, 'I think that son of a bitch Pablo is going to steal the dynamite exploder,' and she'd say, 'Don't you know?'" He laughed loudly and naturally, and he and Brown stepped under the ropes and into the ring.

Hemingway and Brown boxed actively for a one-minute round and then took a rest. "See, I'm in a good sweat already," said Hemingway. We asked him about the now-famous device in his book by which he indicated Spanish profanity by putting in the word "obscurity" here and there, and he said it had occurred to him one day during the Spanish war when he was showing two American newspaperwomen around and they had asked him to tell them what their Spanish chauffeur had said when a tire blew out. "They both kept after me, but I realized you couldn't explain that kind of talk in English," Hemingway said, "even if you could get by with it, because the words wouldn't sound the way they do in Spanish. So I tried saying to the girls, 'He says obscenity the obscenities of the gearshift of the car's father,' and I decided that would be the way to do it in a book."

Hemingway then fought another one-minute round with Brown and in the middle of the third round Mr. Franklin appeared. "Hey!" yelled the bullfighter. Hemingway stopped boxing, and the two hugged each other and beat each

other on the back. We were introduced to Franklin, who told us, while Hemingway and Brown boxed three more rounds, that he had recently come back from Mexico, where he has been bullfighting fairly regularly since he left Spain. Hemingway went to get a shower and a rubdown and Brown said, "He's the strongest guy I ever had, except Firpo. His arms are like iron and his right forearm is something terrific. It's from all that big-game fishing." "He keeps himself in trim, as any suc-

cessful man does," said Franklin. We walked into the massage room to say goodbye to Hemingway. Lying on his stomach, he told us that it is his habit, when working, to read over every morning what he has written up to that point, and sometimes rewrite a good deal of it, before starting a new page. "This obscenity book got so long it was sometimes two o'clock in the morning before I could start a new page," he said. Franklin came in and sat down and we left them together, reminiscing. "That time going to Spain on the Paris," Hemingway was saying. "The time that obscenity from Hollywood crawled out of that obscenity porthole."

Chore

A PHYSICIAN of East Seventy-ninth Street was momentarily shocked when he received a bill from the handyman in his building which included an item reading "For blackening the Doctor's name . . . 75¢." The doctor figured it out readily enough as soon as he regained his composure. The item referred to cleaning an accumulation of polish from his brass shingle and filling in the engraving with black enamel.

Mold-Maker

NEW YORK CITY is headquarters for (among the many other things) the molds used by caterers and hotel chefs for turning out ice cream in fancy shapes. The most famous firm of mold-makers is that of Fr. Krauss' Son, down at 333 West Eighteenth Street, which consists, these days, of the original Fr. Krauss' granddaughter and her husband, Walter J. Perry. It's another of those old, old businesses. Fr. (for Franz) Krauss came to this country in 1860 and set up a mold shop on East Sixth Street, where he did business for forty-five years. After his death, his son, Henry Krauss, moved to the present address, and remained in charge until 1929, when he retired. Walter Perry, like his two predecessors, directs all the operations—designing and forming the master molds, casting and selling the individual molds. The approach of the holidays ushers in his busiest season, so we made him drop everything one afternoon last week and tell us all about his work.

The founder, Fr., designed some three hundred master molds—fruits (apples, pears, peaches), flowers (roses, daisies, asters), vegetables (tomatoes, cabbages, corn on the cob), and novelties (boats, violins, banjos, dogs, and





"We've had to make a few small deletions in your script, Doctor. Certain words are taboo, you know."

cats). Now the firm offers six hundred designs. The fruit category has been expanded to include cherries, grapes, and oranges. The flower designs now include chrysanthemums, lilies, and orchids, and among the novelties are battleships, horses, cows, locomotives, fire engines, Noah's Ark, the Liberty Bell, ocean liners, elephants, the Mikado, opossums, roast turkeys, yachts, Puss in Boots, a Cape Cod cottage, Uncle Sam, bombs, and cannons. The prices, to

wholesalers, start at \$1.89, for a single twentieth-of-a-quart mold (say, a peach, a daisy, or a small lobster). Costs you \$2.11 for a seventh-of-a-quart cabbage, and \$22 for a four-pint lady on a bicycle. If you want to spend \$30, you can get a five-pint lobster. The small molds are for individual services, the seventh-of-a-quart ones for small parties or individual gluttons, and the large ones for table service. Mr. Perry points out that the illusions created by molding ice

cream can be heightened by the proper choice of flavors; for example, he recommends chocolate for use in his Negro-banjo-player mold, and pistachio for the cabbage. Unfortunately, there is no blue ice cream, so caterers have to flub along with cherry, vanilla, and chocolate for the American flag.

If you hurry, you may be the first private customer to buy of Mr. Perry. He's never sold at retail, but he'd like to encourage the household trade. He faces



"My God, Joe! Now they want to buy it all back."

the fact, though, that most homes don't have the facilities for freezing ice cream. Caterers pour soft ice cream into the molds, then put them into a "hardening room," at a temperature of thirty below zero. However, said Mr. Perry, if you are forehanded by an hour or so, a mold of ice cream will harden in a refrigerator. If you wanted to call ice-cream molds "sculptured forms," you would probably be the first to do so, except for Mr. Perry.

Deliveries

A LADY in Westchester, noticing in the *Ladies' Home Journal* that the magazine stood ready to supply its readers with instructions for knitting a cap-and-mitten set, decided to take advantage of this handsome offer and sent in her name and address. A couple of days later the instructions came as advertised, in an envelope addressed to

Capt. Mittens
2 South Drive
Larchmont, N.Y.

And a lady in Philadelphia, who, while doing some Christmas shopping at Wanamaker's store there, had offered as identification her driver's licence, was startled on receiving the package to find

it addressed to Miss Eugenia Blue Blonde—the stated colors of her eyes and hair.

To the Colors

WE inspected the Radio City Music Hall's staff the other afternoon, or at any rate we checked up on it, recalling that in the old days they had a garrison there which could easily have held the West Fifties in the face of any invader. We learned that with the going of Roxy, the place has been steadily demilitarized, and that for the last several years there hasn't been a salute or a heel click in the house, and the epaulets, shoulder bars, *fourragères*, and such have been thrown overboard. The boys are still taught to square their shoulders and walk to their stations in double file, but their uniforms are tailored along the lines of evening clothes and, except in the mezzanines, they don't carry even so much as a flashlight for a side arm.

We dug into the question of what conscription has done to the uniformed staff and uncovered the following facts: Of a hundred and four ushers (twenty-one of whom are married, with a total of fourteen children), only twenty-five are eligible for the draft, and the rest are too young. Three—Ushers Epstein, Young, and Canevari—have been

called before their local boards and placed in Class 3A. Usher McKee is a sergeant in the 27th Division and has gone to Fort McClellan, Alabama. Usher Lukashewitz has enlisted in the Coast Guard. Usher Livor left his job, sold his car, and enlisted in the 44th Division. His eyesight threw him out, and at the time of our call he was headed back for his job, at which he works in semi-darkness, which doesn't trouble him at all. Out of nineteen doormen (one married; one child), eleven have registered, one has received his questionnaire, and one, Doorman Strong, expected to be called by his Guard outfit next month. The eight pageboys are still in school, getting on toward "Silas Marner."

Up on the stage, the thirty members of the Glee Club are all registered, but only Baritone Calvin has received his questionnaire. None of the others has been touched, including Baritone

Swing, brother of Raymond Gram.

That's the situation of what was once our first line of defence.

Pensée

TO the fact that shop-owners who sell typewriters usually leave around a few machines already loaded with paper, so that random shoppers may tap out random thoughts, we owe some of the finest literary fragments of our day. For instance, a lady reports an elegant variation of the traditional "Now is the time," etc., which she found in a Corona on display in a place on Broadway: "Now is the time for all good Willkie clubs to disband."

Saloonkeeper

HAVING heard something of Monte Proser and his night clubs, including the Copacabana, on East Sixtieth Street, which has attracted such a clientele as to make him automatically, in the local tradition, a social arbiter, we decided to get acquainted with the gentleman. We found him sitting moodily in a corner of the Copacabana the other night, wearing horn-rimmed glasses and a brown sack suit. He spoke of his sartorial situation immediately.

"My headwaiter insists that I wear evening clothes in this saloon," he said, "but I haven't brought myself to do it yet." The headwaiter walked by and frowned. Proser is now managerially involved in six night clubs, probably a modern record of sorts: Beachcombers in New York, Providence, Boston, and Miami Beach; La Conga in Hollywood; and the Copacabana. He also has an interest in a new place George White is about to open on Broadway. He has dozens of partners, including the Shuberts. He finds this accumulation of responsibilities staggering, he told us, and has spent some time in a hospital recently, recovering from what he describes as Partner's Disease and Success Stomach. Zombies had nothing to do with it, he says, although he popularized the drink and it, in turn, helped put him over. Mr. Proser never drinks a Zombie unless forced to by a customer wishing to observe its reaction on someone else. "I can't stand rum," he said. "I am a simple Scotch-and-water man."

We asked Proser how to go about becoming a flourishing night-club proprietor, and he answered with a flow of words that bounced along like a conga. "All you've got to consider is the public. A lot of saloonkeepers have the idea you have to satisfy yourself. I don't think by putting in real instead of imitation leather you satisfy anybody. I don't believe in authentic shows. Anything that's authentic stinks. I spent three thousand dollars to costume six girls. I got Beatrice Ammidown, who is a society dame, to design the principals' costumes. Hello, dear." The "dear" was directed at a passing showgirl, who nodded and walked on. "I know chorus girls by the thousands," Mr. Proser said, "but I can't even talk to my own showgirls. The thing I regret most is that a lot of people I used to kick around with treat me like a boss now. I've lost my camaraderie, or whatever you call it. But I don't *feel* like a boss. My personal life is much duller than a guy's who lives in Hoboken."

Mr. Proser, who lives in a hotel above the basement in which the Copacabana is situated, has been connected with fifty night clubs during the last six years, he told us, generally as press agent. Prior to that, he was a hobo for a while, traveling all over the country and once stopping off at Yellowstone Park to organize some amateur theatricals. Later he was a publicity man in Hollywood. "I was press agent for Mary Pickford during her divorce," he told us, "and for Harold Lloyd personally." (Around Broadway, they say that Proser tries to look

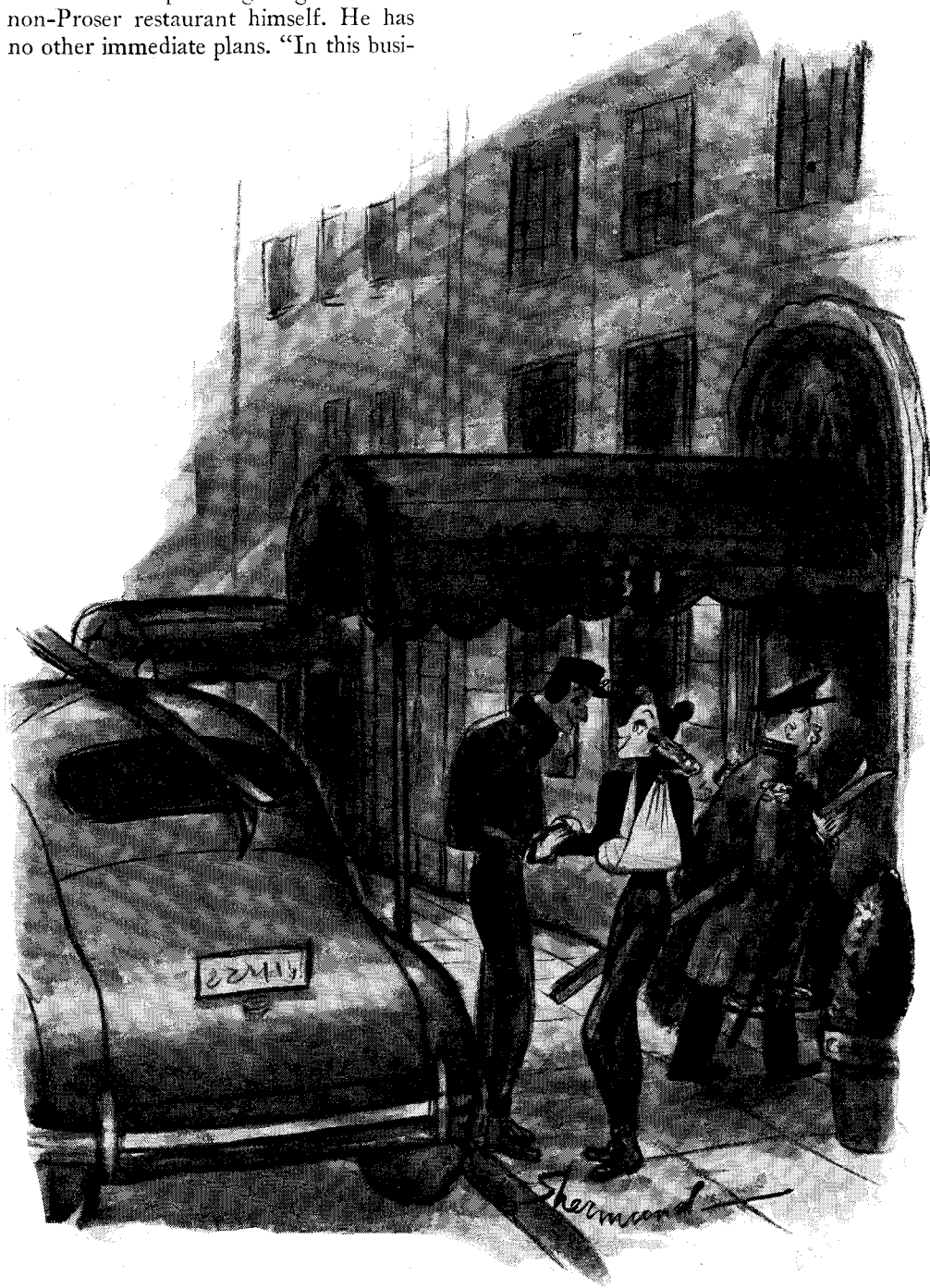
like Harold Lloyd personally.) Of his six night clubs, he sticks most closely to the Copacabana, visualizing himself as the owner of a stable of clubs and regarding the East Side one as his Seabiscuit. "I like this place," he said. "I once wanted to have all the clubs in the world, but I kinda got cut down. As it is, I've got a thousand employees. It's awful."

Proser is barely acquainted with some of his aides, having been to the Providence Beachcomber, for instance, only on its opening night. Incidentally, the thought of 2,850 people—the capacity of all six saloons—celebrating New Year's Eve under his aegis so terrifies him that he is planning to go out to a non-Proser restaurant himself. He has no other immediate plans. "In this busi-

ness, there is no future," he said. "Your future is every day. When you achieve your ambitions, they get commonplace. I got a lot of saloons. So what?"

Prodigy

ONE of the kiddy programs on the radio features a Bright Idea Club, which admits to membership kiddies with unusual or profitable hobbies. Recently the young lady who runs the program got a letter from a little boy named Mike, who wrote, "My bruther Joe would make a verry good member in your club. He is onely sevin months old. He eats durt."



"And thanks again, Greg. It was divine."

THE CHASER

ALAN AUSTEN, as nervous as a kitten, went up certain dark and creaky stairs in the neighborhood of Pell Street. He peered about for a long time on the dim landing before he found the name he wanted, hand-written on a dirty little card, pinned on one of the doors.

He pushed open this door, as he had been told to do, and found himself in a tiny room which contained no furniture but a plain kitchen table, a rocking chair, and an ordinary chair. On one of the dirty, buff-colored walls were a couple of shelves, holding perhaps a dozen bottles and jars.

An old man sat in the rocking chair reading a newspaper. Alan, without a word, handed him the card he had been given. "Sit down, Mr. Austen," said the old man. "I am glad to make your acquaintance."

"Is it true," asked Alan, "that you have a certain mixture that has—er—quite extraordinary effects?"

"My dear sir," replied the old man, "my stock in trade is not very large—I don't deal in laxatives and teething mixtures. They do not interest me. I think nothing I sell has effects which could be precisely described as ordinary."

"Well, the fact is—" began Alan.

"Here, for example," interrupted the old man, reaching for a bottle from one of the shelves, "here is a liquid as colorless as water, almost tasteless, quite imperceptible in coffee, milk, wine, or any other beverage. It is also quite imperceptible to any known method of autopsy."

"Do you mean it is a poison?" cried Alan, very much taken aback.

"Call it a glove-cleaner, if you like," said the old man. "Maybe it will clean gloves. I have never tried."

"I want nothing of that sort," said Alan.

"Probably it is just as well," said the old man. "Do you know the price of this? For one teaspoonful, which is sufficient, I ask five thousand dollars. Never less. Not a penny less."

"I hope all your mixtures are not as expensive," said Alan.

"Oh dear no," said the old man. "It would be no good charging that sort of price for a love potion, for example. Young people who need a love potion very seldom have five thousand dollars. Otherwise they would not need a love potion."

"I am glad to hear that," said Alan.

"I look at it like this," said the old

man. "Please a customer with one article, and he will come back when he needs another. Even if it is more costly. He will save up for it, if necessary."

"So," said Alan, "you really do sell love potions?"

"If I did not sell love potions," said the old man, reaching for another bottle, "I should not have mentioned the other matter to you. It is only when one is in a position to oblige that one can afford to be so confidential."

"And these potions," said Alan. "They are not just—just—er—"

"Oh no," said the old man. "Their effects are permanent, and extend far beyond the mere carnal impulse. But they include it. Oh yes, they include it. Bountifully. Insistently. Everlastingly."

"That's interesting," said Alan, his face breaking into an uncontrollable smile.

"But consider the spiritual side," said the old man.

"I do, indeed," said Alan.

"For indifference," the old man went on, "they substitute devotion. For scorn, adoration. Give one tiny measure of this to the young lady—its flavor is imperceptible in orange juice, soup, or cocktails—and however gay and giddy she is, she will change altogether. She will want nothing but solitude and you."

"I can hardly believe it," said Alan. "She is so fond of parties."

"She will not like them any more," said the old man. "She will be afraid of the pretty girls you may meet."

"She will actually be jealous?" cried Alan, in a rapture. "Of me?"

"Yes, she will want to be everything to

you. You will be her sole interest in life."

"Wonderful!" cried Alan.

"She will want to know all you do," said the old man. "All that has happened to you during the day. Every word of it. She will want to know what you are thinking about, why you smile suddenly, why you are looking sad."

"That is love!" cried Alan.

"Yes," said the old man. "How carefully she will look after you! She will never allow you to be tired, to sit in a draft, to neglect your food. If you are an hour late, she will be terrified. She will think you are killed or that some siren has caught you."

"I can hardly imagine Diana like that," said Alan, overwhelmed with joy.

"You will not have to use your imagination," said the old man. "And, by the way, since there are always sirens, if by any chance you *should*, later on, slip a little, you need not worry. She will forgive you in the end. She will be terribly hurt, of course, but she will forgive you—in the end."

"There will be no slips," said Alan, fervently.

"Of course not," said the old man.

"But if there are, you need not worry. She will never divorce you. And, of course, she herself will never give you the least, the very least, grounds for—uneasiness."

"And how much is this wonderful mixture?" said Alan.

"It is not as dear," said the old man, "as the glove-cleaner. No. That is five thousand dollars, never a penny less. One has to be older than you are to indulge in that sort of thing. One has to save up for it."

"But the love potion?" said Alan.

"Oh, that," said the old man, opening the drawer in the kitchen table and taking out a tiny, rather dirty-looking phial. "That is just a dollar."

"I can't tell you how grateful I am," said Alan, watching him fill the phial.

"I like to oblige," said the old man.

"Then customers come back, later in life, when they are rather better off and want more expensive things. Here you are. You will find it very effective."

"Thank you again," said Alan. "Goodbye."

"Au revoir," said the old man.

—JOHN COLLIER



ASKS DIVORCE—Mrs. Peter Kramer sues husband who a year ago ran away with a street car.—Picture caption in the *Chicago Tribune*.

One of the old trollop cars?



"God rest ye merry, gentlemen, let nothing you dismay . . ."

KNUT

YESTERDAY, when I went into the florist's shop, Mr. Lund, the proprietor, came forward to greet me. "I have at last had a letter from my brother in Ulvik," he said. "They are all safe."

"I'm so glad," I said. Ever since the Germans went into Norway, Mr. Lund had been waiting for word from his brother.

"It was not a long letter," Mr. Lund continued. "I think he could not write much. But he sent most hearty greetings to you and your husband. He says they still remember with such pleasure when you came to see them."

"We too remember it with pleasure," I said.

Mr. Lund and I stood for a moment in silence, each seeing in memory, I think, the steep, green sides of the Hardanger Fjord, which once had been home to him. "He says they do not have so much to eat now that they must share with others," he said, "and they must kill most of their cattle, for they will not have feed for them."

"Did he say anything about Knut?" It was a question I feared to ask.

Mr. Lund broke a dead leaf from a begonia. "Knut is not with them any more. He has gone to Oslo." I turned away from the troubled look in Mr. Lund's deep-set blue eyes. "I am very sorry for my brother and his wife."

"Yes," I said. "I am sorry for them, too. But I am sorriest of all for Knut."

TO tell you the story of Knut, I must go back a year and a half to the day when my husband and I stood in a hotel in Ulvik and asked the clerk if he knew Gunnar Lund. "His brother, Otto, is a friend of ours in America," I explained.

"Gunnar Lund has a farm on the other side of the fjord," said the clerk, in his careful English. "He does not come much to the village, but his son, Knut, we see often."

"Would it be possible for us to get to his farm?" asked John, my husband.

"Tomorrow is Sunday," said the clerk, "but if you will wait until Monday, you can cross the fjord with the postman."

"But we must leave on Monday," I said. "Isn't there some way we could go tomorrow?"

"Can you row a boat?" the clerk asked John.

"Of course," said my husband.

"Come," said the clerk. "I will show you." He led us out to the veranda and pointed across the fjord toward a little cluster of white houses, overhung by green uplands. They looked very far away in the slanting evening light.

"Hmm," said John, "that's quite a row. I wonder if we want to do it."

"Oh yes, indeed," I said encouragingly. But I think it was the amused expression on the clerk's face which made John declare, "All right. We'll try it."

Early the next morning, when the bells in the white church steeple were ringing, the clerk took us down to the edge of the fjord and settled us in a little boat. Its bow and stern rose from the water with the upward curves of a viking ship, and its oars fitted too loosely into the oarlocks. I thought it a small craft in which to cross the wide expanse of blue-green water. The clerk pushed us away from the pier, and John, after one or two uncertain splashes, headed us masterfully out into the fjord.

For a long time the opposite shore came no nearer; then a breeze sprang up behind us and we made better progress. "How beautiful it is!" I said, looking at the blue sky, the green mountains, and the shining water.

"Is it?" asked John grimly as he bent

to the oars. His hands were beginning to blister.

Once a speedboat, driven by a man with a bare, bronzed body and a white yachting cap, cut across our bow. John watched it with mingled envy and disapproval. "He doesn't belong in this picture," he said crossly.

When we reached the far shore, two small boys showed us the white, square house of Gunnar Lund. At first we thought no one was home; then a tall, well-built youth of about sixteen came from the barn. He wore shorts, white wool stockings reaching nearly to his knees, and a faded green shirt. His curly hair was like polished copper and his eyes were the color of the water in the fjord. He said "*God morgen*" gravely, and waited for us to state our business. John did the best he could with it in Norwegian, interlarding the word "America" frequently.

The boy smiled, a sudden, heart-warming smile. "Yes, yes, I understand."

"Oh, you speak English," I said with great relief.

"At the school in Ulvik I have studied English," he said. "I am Gunnar's son, Knut. My Uncle Otto I have never seen, but my father have spoke of him many times. It is a great pity my father is not at home."

"Not at home?" I repeated, disappointment settling over me heavily.

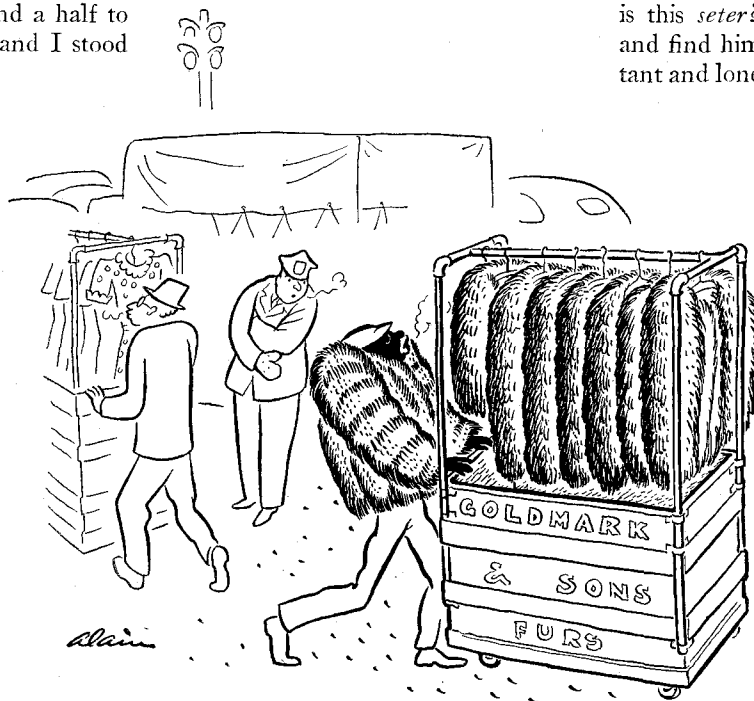
"He have gone this morning to the *seter*, where my mother and sisters are. There is no way to tell him you have come."

I could hardly bear it. "How far away is this *seter*?" I asked. "Could we go and find him?" I had read of these distant and lonely mountain farms to which the Norwegians take their cattle in the summer so that their lowland hay may be saved for winter.

"It is very far, up over this mountain," said Knut, "and no way to go but by your feet."

I looked hopefully at John. "We're pretty good walkers," he said. "I think if you will give us directions—"

"I myself will lead you," said Knut, eagerly. He made us put the small packages of sandwiches we had brought into a knapsack, which he fitted over his shoul-



ders, and we started up a narrow path through a sloping meadow behind the house. Knut set a rapid pace and we climbed a long way in silence. Then he stopped. "We rest here. Look how high we have come."

The white farmhouse lay far below us. Across the fjord, Ulvik was like a toy village. Knut took a pair of field glasses from his knapsack and offered them to me. The remote houses became neighborly.

"What marvellous glasses!" I said, passing them to John.

I could see from Knut's face I had said the right thing. "They are to me a gift. From a friend."

John examined the glasses. "They're very fine," he said. "We have bought microscopes from this firm."

"Microscopes?" said Knut. "Are you then a doctor?"

"No," said John, "I am a teacher."

"My friend is also a teacher," said Knut, looking at John with new respect.

We resumed our climb. The trail grew steeper. We passed a farmhouse clinging precariously to the mountain-side. In the dooryard, a buxom woman was cutting her husband's hair. Knut made me a staff from a birch sapling, and whenever he saw I was lagging, we stopped to rest. Those are the moments I remember best—when we sat companionably on the rocks or stretched out on the grass with the sun shining hotly upon us. Once a lost lamb came bleating toward us. It kept very still while I rubbed its nose, and Knut got out a camera and photographed it.

"I hope the picture will be good," I said.

"Oh, yes," said Knut, simply. "With this camera always the picture is good."

I saw that it was an expensive one. "Another gift?" Knut nodded, smilingly. "Your friend is very good to you," I said.

"I also am good to him," he said.

At last we reached the top of the ridge and looked down on a silver lake lying at the bottom of a green bowl. A frothy stream tumbled into one end of the lake and beside it stood a small log hut. "It is there, the *seter*," said Knut.

When we neared the foot of the



"You mean my zinc may go up because of Mr. Roosevelt?"

path, two little girls in white aprons came running to meet us. They curtsied shyly when Knut explained that we were visitors from across the sea. Gunnar Lund and his wife, Signe, received us somewhat hesitantly until Knut told them why we had come. They were tall, blond, and fine-looking. Knut read them the letter we had brought from Otto, and the pictures he had sent of himself and his wife and his son, William, were passed from one to another. Then Signe disappeared into the hut.

"She will prepare *middagen*," said Knut. He and his father overruled our halfhearted protests that we could eat our picnic lunch.

Gunnar and John and I sat on a wooden bench beside the water and Knut sprawled at our feet, translating our conversation. "My father say he have not hear from Uncle Otto so long he fear he has died," Knut told us.

"He has been anxious about your father, too," John said. "He has had no letter from him for several years."

Gunnar looked ashamed. "He say it is true," Knut translated, "but here nothing has happen. In America is very different. America is most dangerous place and Uncle Otto might be killed. But here is very safe."

I looked at the little lake rimmed in by mountains, with the cows grazing placidly along the shore and a thin curl

of smoke rising above the sod roof of the log hut. Here, indeed, was security.

We had dinner in the hut, with its low ceiling, gaily painted furniture, and gleaming copper. John and I had tremendous appetites for the fish pudding, potatoes swimming in melted butter, and stewed gooseberries. Afterward we had delicious *wienerbrød* and coffee on the porch.

Knut said we must be getting started; it was a long way to the hotel. John examined the blisters on his hands and said it would take him more time to row back than it had to come. Knut and his father spoke rapidly together and I knew they were discussing our plans.

"I will row you across the fjord," Knut said, "and my friend, who has a fine motorboat, will be happy to bring me home."

"But perhaps your father doesn't want you to do that," I said.

"No, no," he said, "it is not what you think. My father wishes that I row you to Ulvik, but he say that I should come back tomorrow with the postman. My father does not like my friend." His voice was apologetic. "He does not understand. He think he wish to take me away from my home."

We said goodbye to the Lunds with real regret. Never again, Gunnar assured us, would he fail to write to his brother, and we must tell Otto about

Signe and the children and how happy they all were. He was sorry it wasn't feasible to send him some of Signe's cheese, which was the best in the valley, but we must take some for ourselves. They stood at the foot of the path and waved to us as we climbed to the ridge.

It was a long way down, but we had more breath for conversation than we had had coming up. We told Knut about America and about the university which his Cousin William would attend. Knut talked of the cold, dark winter, when he must stay in Ulvik to go to school.

"At first I am very alone," he said, "but no longer, since my friend is teach there."

"Tell us about your friend," said John. "Is he young or old?"

"He is not old, but he is a man," said Knut. "Big and strong. Of all sports he is a master. In the winter we ski down the fjord and over the mountain, where no other goes. In the summer I ride in his boat and lead him to very far places. We sing and always are happy."

"He must be splendid," I said. "Why doesn't your father like him?"

Knut hesitated. "He does not understand," he said doggedly. "He is too old."

Knut's arms, rowing us across the fjord, were as swift as his feet had been on the mountain trail. When we drew up at the hotel dock, the day was still bright. I noticed the speedboat we had seen in the morning tied up at the next pier.

"That," said Knut with pride, "is the boat I have spoke of."

He refused our invitation to come to the hotel and have supper with us, so we stood together on the wharf, with the breeze blowing about us, to say farewell.

"You must come and see us in America," said John.

"Perhaps you will come there to go to school," I added.

"No, no," said Knut. "I do not think I go to America. But someday I go to Germany. There will be better. It is, of course, the homeland of my friend."

We had hardly reached the veranda of the hotel before we heard the harsh explosions of the motorboat, and soon we saw it streaking across the fjord with the evening sun shining on Knut's bright hair and on the white cap of his friend.

—KATHERINE LYON



PRELUDE TO THE FINAL APPOINTMENT

Someone is going around to the houses,
Meeting the housemaids in their white blouses,
Touching the mistress as she keeps accounts,
And prodding the master as he drinks his ounce.

I'm the messenger sent to announce this is so;
Be sure that I'll find you wherever you go.
I'm just the preamble to ordinary fate,
I won't keep you waiting, I never am late.

So it's here I come gaily through village and grove,
And I cannot be stopped by the drop of a glove.
Look up from your salad, or put down your darning;
I come with the wind, and I come with a warning.

Oh it's, lady, a caller will see you today,
But I can't tell you whether his eyes will be gray,
Or if he will say that your coiffure is neat,
Or admire the shoes on your pedicured feet.

I can't tell you whether he's wide, short, or tall,
Or whether he's old, or a child with a ball;
I can't tell you whether he's normal or freak,
Or if he'll address you in Russian or Greek.

And it's, sir, be prepared to receive a brief visit.
You won't have much time to inquire, "Who is it?"
You won't have much time to do other than stare
And discover a chill in the midsummer air.

But whether your guest will discuss dogs or trout,
Or appear as a one-eyed and slobbering lout,
Or as a bare beggar, ill-visaged and low,
I really can't say, for I really don't know.

He may come as a sultan with thirty-nine wives,
Or an Argentine famed for the throwing of knives,
A soldier, a sailor, a teacher, a lamb,
Or a nurse who is pushing a dusty black pram.

He may come as a fox who has outrun the pack,
Or a hiker who carries his tent on his back,
A dancer or fishwife, a baron or king,
A man with a gun, or a girl with a ring.

His costumes are endless and subject to change,
And nothing that's human is out of his range.
Though he comes as an infant, his eyes will be burning;
Though he comes as a schoolboy, he won't lack for learning.

Before him doors open and locks have no power;
Whenever he comes, the clock stops at that hour.
He follows behind me, he'll be with you soon,
So look your last time at the sun and the moon.

For it's, ladies and sirs, I have come to announce
That he is approaching and ready to pounce.
The sky is concealed, and the hour is late,
And the thunder above you will never abate.

Oh, already I see a white hand on the gate.

—HARRY BROWN

MORE TROUBLE FOR THE POWDER ROOM

MISS DOROTHY KILGALLEN, without whose column in the *Journal & American* I would never know what Desi Arnaz is doing, came out the other evening with an idea which has its gruesome aspect. Under the heading "What Broadway Needs," Miss Kilgallen listed, among other items, "Newsreels in the powder rooms for girls who get bored with their dates." I have studied this suggestion, and have even tried changing the words around, but any way you put it, it seems a useless suggestion. Naturally, I suppose, Miss Kilgallen is not implying that a lively assortment of war pictures in the powder rooms is what Broadway and the bored American girl need. No. What Miss K. has in mind, more likely, is a preview of spring fashions, or a good shot of a housewife taking off in a homemade parachute, or perhaps one of those winter sequences in which a ski jumper disappears immediately and leaves you watching a fine, bland composition of snow, fir trees, and ski tracks. Even so, there's likely to be trouble. Let's say that, refreshed by the newsreel, the bored girl rushes back to her escort and tries to make him less boring by some sprightly comment, such as "Ducky, I just saw the powder-room newsreel and there was this woman, a housewife out West or somewhere, and she made her own parachute—"

"For Pete's sake," the escort says, "have they only just got that newsreel in this powder room *now*? They had it at El Morocco last week, because I was there with Ellie and she saw it and told me all about it."

"Oh, did she?" the bored girl says, pouting. "Well, it's a wonder you wouldn't take *me* to a decent place where they have the newest powder-room newsreels instead of an old second-run joint like this. And anyway, if Ellie knows everything, why not ask *Ellie* to go out with you? Why bother asking *me*?"

At this point, the bored girl's escort will excuse himself politely and retire to the gents' room to watch the juke-box movies of a samba dancer, which will doubtless have been installed there by James Roosevelt, a pioneer in this field.

However, I would never seriously attempt to argue any point about powder rooms with Miss Kilgallen, because she gets around more than I do, and she is also very rich. The reason I know Miss Kilgallen is rich is that she always speaks of her mink coat in the plural. In her column on What Broadway

Needs, she mentions (in addition to powder-room movies) "asbestos strait-jackets for careless escorts who dangle their lighted cigarettes close to your minks." Miss Kilgallen seems to have suffered much from escorts, but whatever fault there is to find with this type, the cigarette-dangler, I personally would never find him boring. Tall, I see him, dark and devil-may-care, dangling his cigarette close to my minks, striking a spark in someone else's wolves, and moving on—for he is a wanderer—to set asmolder some passing bitch's fitches. Then, when he has singed a lot of girls and the air is full of dangling and danger and burning fur, I see these women surging like so many Fourth of July sparklers into the powder room, where they will be soothed and diverted by views of Boulder Dam, and maybe a closeup of a bee-breeder covered with bees.

AS I have been jotting down these thoughts, a vague memory has troubled me, as of some long-forgotten association, and suddenly I know what it is. It's Buzzie Winton (a man I

once knew) and his whirlwind courtship, most of which I passed in one powder room or another. Buzzie never set fire to my minks, but he is faintly connected in my mind with newsreels, for it was Buzzie's practice when we lunched or dined together to tell me the plots of all the moving pictures he had seen lately, and sometimes of those I had seen too. Occasionally he would tell me the plots of plays or novels, but usually it was movies. "This Paul Muni," Buzzie would say with the soup, "he takes the part of Louis Pasteur, you know, the fella that pasteurized the milk only nobody believed him..." By the time I had finished my salad and Pasteur had isolated the anthrax bacillus, there I'd be in the powder room, drawing out the maid in small talk or borrowing her copy of the *Daily News* for a period of mental stimulation.

The other thing Buzzie liked to talk about, besides movie plots, was horses, and there were times when I found his conversation restful, because there were



"Pardon me, sir, could I have a quarter for a cup of coffee and a little change to jingle?"



positively no surprises in it. It was plots or it was horses—nothing else. Besides, Buzzie had several qualities which encouraged me to listen to him genially whenever I wasn't in the powder room. He was good-looking and he was the best dancer I've ever danced with. To say that he danced like a professional would be inadequate praise, since most male professional dancers are either so highly stylized that a girl might as well try to dance with a high-tension wire or else, with an amateur partner, they relax into an old, sluggish bundle of white tie and limp tails. Buzzie was a feather in the breeze; he was superb. He was also the most lavish beau I had ever had. When I say that the conventional box of gardenias, which arrived while I was dressing to go out with him, was always followed by another box of gardenias, delivered at our table as we were

finishing dinner and getting ready to go to the theatre, and that a *third* box of gardenias was invariably waiting on our table at whatever supper club we went to—well, I guess that will raise even Miss Kilgallen's eyebrows, if she still has them after all those outings with the pyromaniacs she mentioned. Often Buzzie's second corsage arrived before the first one had started to turn brown; the third was usually delivered while the first two were still as good as new; and I, declining to discard any of them, would find myself as heavily draped with gardenias as a John-Frederics telephone. I protested to Buzzie about it once, but he waved my words away and went right on telling me the story of "Mutiny on the Bounty." It was that night, I remember—two or three months after I had begun to go out with him a good deal—that Buzzie surprised me by in-

terrupting himself in the middle of a description of Charles Laughton as Captain Bligh to say, in the same narrative tone, "I've been thinking it might be a good idea if you and I got married."

I was astonished, I suppose, because it was only the fourth personal remark Buzzie had ever made to me, outside of offering cigarettes and asking me what I'd like for dinner and what play I'd like to see. Once he had said I reminded him of Bette Davis in "Dangerous" ("You know, that part where she just sits there thinking things to herself while all the time . . ."); another time, after we had finished a fairly flossy rumba, he had said, "You sure did that good;" and just a week before the marriage proposal he had told me that my hair was the same color as a horse he once saw at the Whitney stables.

"I don't see why we couldn't make a go of it," Buzzie continued solidly. "We like the same things, and we like doing them together. We like dancing, and the theatre, and movies, and books, and horses." Then he paused and looked at me intently. "You *do* like horses, don't you?"

He had never asked me that question before, and I gave him the truth, simply. "Why no, Buzzie," I said, "I hate horses. I've always been afraid of horses."

"Buzzie banged his fist on the table. "Why in the devil didn't you tell me that in the *first* place?" he shouted. "I certainly never would have gone to all this trouble!"

I NEVER saw Buzzie, or a horse, again. Sometimes, as I sit musing in the powder room, I'm inclined to think that my night life, at its peak, was almost as disastrous as Miss Kilgallen's. I don't miss Buzzie so much, except for his dancing and his gardenias. I don't mind these newfangled customs either, such as escorts boring me and starting fires in my fur coat. But I tell you, Miss Kilgallen, it's a terrible thing to have horses stop speaking to you.

—MARGARET CASE HARRIMAN

In 1939, within a period of 13 months, three of his plays were produced on Broadway.—*Life*.

That interminable old 1939.

P R O F I L E S

THE MOON'S BEST FRIEND

AS Curator-in-Chief of the Hayden Planetarium of the American Museum of Natural History, Clyde Fisher is undoubtedly New York City's No. 1 astronomical character, and his sleep is often disturbed by newspaper reporters who, in deference to his position, telephone him in the middle of the night for an authoritative explanation of some celestial phenomenon. Dr. Fisher, a gentle, soft-spoken man of sixty-two, has at one time or another been engaged in a great variety of scientific activities and is regarded in mammalogical circles as a leading expert on woodchucks, but his present primary concern is with astronomical education, and he therefore never resents these interruptions of his sleep, feeling that it is unreasonable to expect most laymen to take a vigorous interest in astronomy before sundown. "I believe that everybody is interested in astronomy," he once said hopefully, around noon. "Everybody looks up at the sky and wonders about the universe and the origins of things and the probable ends of things."

Professional astronomers, who do the most wondering and the most looking up, are roughly divisible into two groups: the purely mathematical ones, who can compute to the fraction of a light-year the distance to any number of stars but rarely bother to look at them; and the observing ones, who care little for formulas but will enthusiastically spend a night lying supine in a damp field in the hope of spotting a meteor or two. Although Dr. Fisher is fond of some mathematical facts—he likes to tell lecture audiences, for instance, that the earth does not take 365 days, or even $365\frac{1}{4}$ days, to travel around the sun, but 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, and $45\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, *approximately*—he thinks of himself as fundamentally an observing astronomer. He has never owned a telescope, but when some extraordinary astronomical event, like an epidemic of sunspots, occurs in the daytime, he has a telescope belonging to the Planetarium set up on the grounds outside the building and comes down from his office on the second floor now and then to squint through it. He has spent many pleasant evenings at telescopes in various observatories around the country, and it makes him happy to recall that he was once privileged to peer at the globular cluster in Hercules in the company of a

man whose father had discovered the moons of Mars. It makes him even happier just to look at our own moon any time. "I am always thrilled by the sight of the moon," he says.

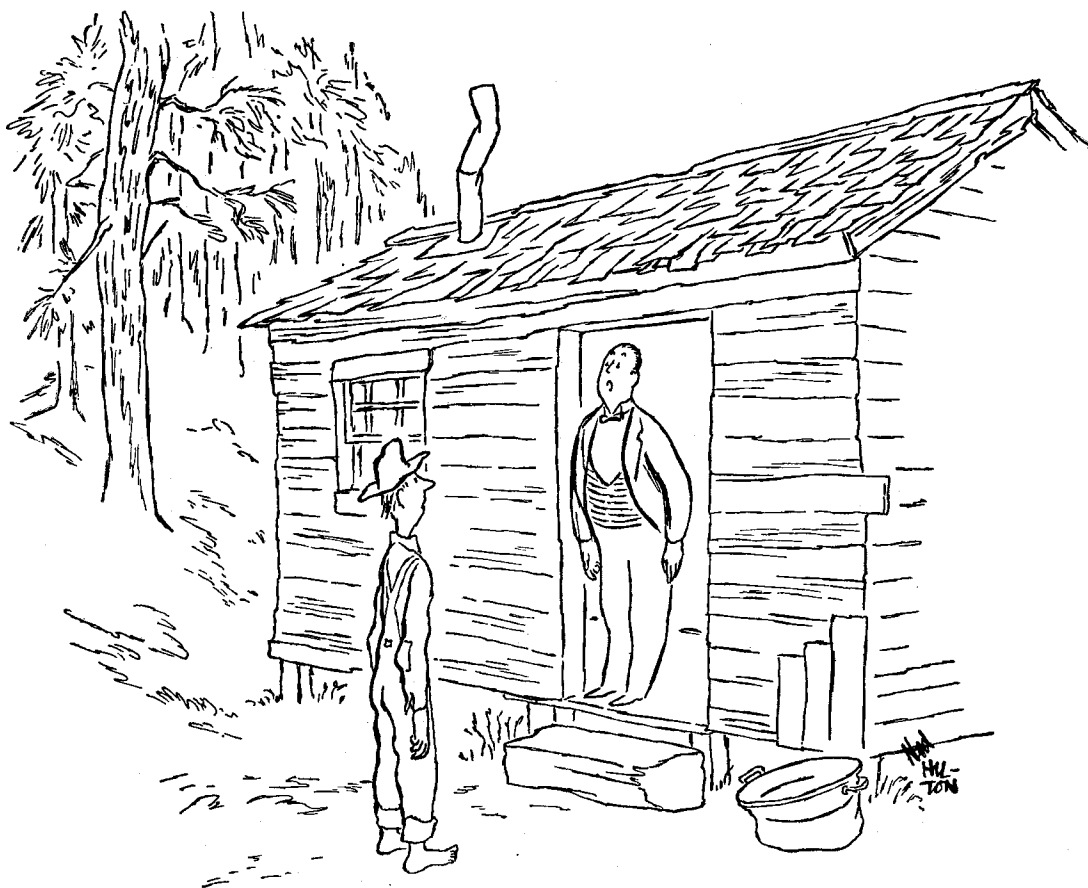
DR. FISHER has been Curator of Astronomy at the Museum of Natural History ever since 1924, but until the Planetarium was opened, in 1935, affording its visitors a simulated view of the skies perhaps even more impressive than a real one, his efforts to popularize the science were rather restricted. They consisted mostly of providing accurate information to people who needed the names of three-letter constellations to complete crossword puzzles, and of soothing anxious inquirers who turned up periodically demanding assurance that the world would not shortly come to an end—an event that Fisher suspects will not take place, at least because of astronomical difficulties, until several billion years have elapsed. The opening of the Planetarium was for him a gratifying climax to almost ten years of assiduous campaigning to obtain such an institution for New York. He had heard in 1925 that the Carl Zeiss Optical Works in Germany had perfected an instrument which could realistically project on a dome all the nine thousand stars visible to the naked eye, along with the planets, the sun, and the moon. Fisher persuaded the Museum to send him to Germany to investigate and he came back convinced that the Zeiss projector was, as he later wrote, "the greatest invention ever devised by man as a visual aid in teaching." At the time, Fisher held the curatorship not only of astronomy but also of a department known around the Museum as Visual Instruction, and he felt that any device so visually helpful belonged in New York. He optimistically envisioned a \$3,000,000 astronomical palace centring about a planetarium, but was informed by the Museum that it could not even consider starting work on a planetarium until after the completion of a bird hall, an African hall, an educational hall, and a power plant. Eight years later, the Museum was given \$122,000 for a Zeiss projector by the late Charles Hayden, the banker, who added \$30,000 more for a Copernican hall, in which the movements of the planets are dem-



Dr. Clyde Fisher

onstrated by means of electrically controlled globes revolving on overhead tracks around a stationary sun. Spurred on by the donations, the Museum borrowed \$650,000 from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and built a planetarium somewhat less magnificent than Fisher's concept. He was not the only man disappointed by the structure's unassuming exterior of plain red brick. Roxy, who had been a member of a committee on plans, had conceived of the planetarium in terms of marble columns and seven-foot ushers, and complained that the astronomical display was indisputably impressive but was housed in what he must reluctantly describe as a cowshed. Fisher's own distress was mitigated by his appointment as head of the new building, which gave him a status among local astronomers equivalent to that of Donald Duck among ducks. In recognition of Fisher's advanced standing in the scientific world, an alert publisher reprinted a modest book he had once edited, changing the title from "Nature's Secrets" to "Nature Encyclopedia."

A NEWSPAPER in De Funiak Springs, Florida, where some years ago Fisher spent a couple of terms as president of a small college, has said of him, "He's as plain as cotton stockings and as comfortable as old shoes." Dr. Fisher, as comfortable a man as any, might pass for plain if he allowed himself a normal haircut. He has an abundance of long, pure-white, uncontrollable hair, which he never covers with a hat or anything else. Now and then, when he is lecturing before a group of women, some lady who is particularly enchanted by his hair asks permission to



*"I'll see if Mr. Slocum
is in. Mr. Slocum has struck oil."*

run her hands through it, and permission is usually granted. Fisher's hair bothers him only in that much of the dust in the New York atmosphere settles on it and forces him to shampoo himself several times a week. He is a slim, self-effacing man whose untidy hair and delicate features give him the appearance of an absent-minded professor from an upstanding but rural academy. He is moderately absent-minded, and distinctly rural in origin, having been born on a farm and having retained a liking for such things as grass and trees. Of all the people he has met, the man for whom he feels the deepest and most lasting admiration is the late John Burroughs, the naturalist, who hated the noise of the city and once said to Fisher, "How it impinges on one's ears!" Fisher has become used to it by now, and when in the country for a weekend, he, like any city slicker, sometimes has difficulty falling asleep because of the impinging silence. Nevertheless, he still has an affection for the country and frequently goes out of town, one of his favorite spots being Bear Mountain, in Palisades Interstate Park, where he and his wife go hiking. He is

married to an American Indian named Te Ata, who belongs to the Chickasaw Nation of Oklahoma and gives recitals of Indian songs and dramatized Indian legends. She has appeared in programs at Bear Mountain so often that when a new lake was made there a couple of years ago, it was called Lake Te Ata. She occasionally points out to her husband that while she has had a fairly substantial body of water named after her, he has never done better than the Dr. Clyde Fisher Dahlia, a variety developed thirteen years ago by a Long Island lady horticulturist who belonged to a bird-and-tree club Fisher had organized.

FISHER's first astronomical education was received from a country schoolteacher near Sidney, Ohio—halfway between Toledo and Cincinnati—where he was born in 1878. His teacher mentioned in class one day that the earth rotated on its axis and revolved around the sun, and Clyde, who had previously assumed that the earth was a flat, stationary tract bounded by Toledo and Cincinnati, was so astonished that he rushed out of the classroom and home to tell his

father, who was milking a cow. Clyde was irritated when his father merely went on milking. Fisher's father owned forty-two acres of land and supported the family by raising sweet corn, muskmelons, watermelons, cucumbers, and tomatoes. Clyde, who was named George Clyde and has been trying to get rid of the George ever since, worked his way through two Ohio colleges, one of them Miami University, whose board of trustees has always felt understandably resentful toward the University of Miami in Florida, since Miami is the name of a Midwestern bunch of Indians who have never seen a palm tree or a chamber of commerce. At Miami, Fisher began to skip dexterously from science to science, and as a result became an authority on biology, botany, geology, ornithology, paleontology, and zoology, in addition to astronomy. After interrupting his own education for several years to teach in Ohio and Florida, he earned a

Ph.D. in botany at Johns Hopkins in 1913. Six months earlier, the Museum of Natural History had offered him a job in its Department of Education, evidently figuring that he would be a good utility man to have around, and he had accepted.

WHEN the Planetarium opened, some of the more cautious among its early visitors carried binoculars, raincoats, umbrellas, and cough medicine, not being quite sure what sort of thing they were getting themselves into. That no longer happens. The place has not been the success Fisher hoped it would be, partly, he thinks, because of a prevalent false impression that the show there, like that in the Egyptian Wing of the Metropolitan, never changes. Actually, the Planetarium presents a new show on the first of every month. Fisher anticipated that the attendance would reach a million within the first year, but he was too optimistic by six months. Since 1937, the average monthly attendance has been about twenty thousand. Fisher and his associates thought the World's Fair might perk things up, having noticed that during the Century of Progress Exposition the Adler Planetarium in Chicago rang up over eight hundred and forty thousand admissions in five and a half months and put on shows as frequently as Rosita

Royce did in Flushing. Most of the people who came to New York to see the Fair simply went right out to attend Miss Royce's shows and ignored Dr. Fisher's.

Such success as the Planetarium has had depends entirely upon the dumb-bell-like instrument, twelve feet long, that stands in the middle of the main auditorium. There are sixteen stereopticons on each of its bulbous heads, and powerful electric light, filtering through lenses, casts the images of the stars on a stainless-steel dome. One end of the machine takes care of forty-five hundred stars of the northern hemisphere, and the other of a like number in the southern. Attached to the framework connecting the two ends are various other projectors that throw the planets, the sun, and the moon on the dome. Also in this framework are a series of electrically operated gears that can cause the stars to assume their proper places in the sky of any moment of the past, present, or future. Every movement of the projectors is controlled by the lecturer from an adjacent pulpit-like stand. He can make the sky seem to roll drunkenly from north to south or east to west merely by pushing a button. Every December, in an effort to show that the Star of Bethlehem may actually have been three planets which, around the time of the birth of Christ, happened to be relatively close together and thus looked like one star, the planets are thrown into reverse gear and made to take the positions they were in almost two thousand years ago. Although the stars can be persuaded to move backward in a wink, the reversing of the planets is considerably slower, and it takes the Planetarium staff five hours to make the temporal trip to Bethlehem, or about nine seconds a year.

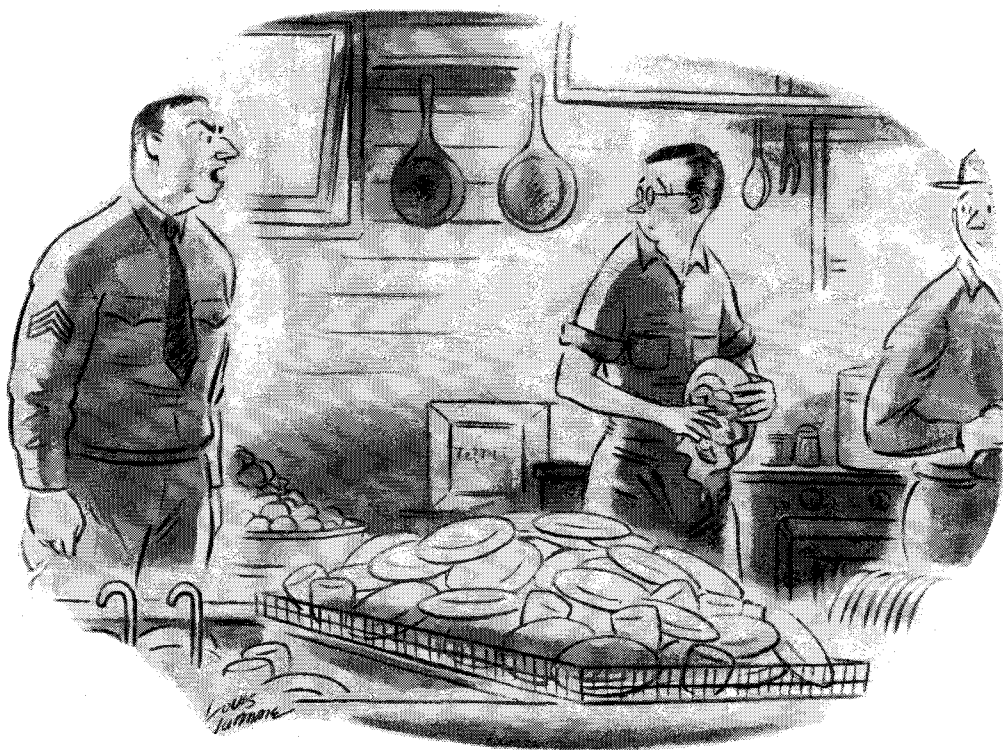
Demonstrations are given at the Planetarium four times daily and five or six times on weekends and holidays. Dr. Fisher shares with three assistants the task of lecturing, and the whole group decides on the subject matter of the monthly programs, which have titles like "Stars of the Southern Sky," "Within the Bowl of the Dipper," and "Cosmic Fact or Fiction." The lecturing staff gather in the auditorium toward the end of each month and together work out the sky movements for the next month's show; each lecturer then thinks up his own accompanying spiel. It is Fisher's particular delight, while moving the universe around (a procedure which has induced some of his irreverent friends, to his distress, to intro-

duce him socially as God), to announce that the audience is now looking at the sky as it would appear above Palm Beach, or Louisville, or Rio de Janeiro. This often prompts out-of-town spectators, as familiar celestial layouts appear, to cry out proudly, "Boston!," "San Francisco!," or "The Bronx!"

Occasionally the Planetarium goes in for something spectacular, like "A Trip to the Moon" or "The End of the World," a couple of novelty acts which were tried out in 1939 and met with huge success; at least one member of each audience fainted and two or three others filled the auditorium air with screams of surprise or horror. Some members of almost every Planetarium audience become nervous because of the darkness of the hall and have to be led out; others, leaning back in comfortable seats, simply fall asleep. Fisher tries to keep his audiences from dozing by holding down lectures to forty minutes, which he has calculated to be the limit of most people's resistance to drowsiness in a darkened room. He himself never even nods his head in the presence of stars, whether real or make-believe. He is familiar with a good many of them, either way, and can usually recognize eighty-nine constellations and twenty stars of the first magnitude. He was once miserably ashamed of himself when, after telling an audience that the sun was moving toward Her-

cules, he began to indicate Hercules with a stereopticon pointer that casts a lighted arrow on the ceiling and realized he had no precise idea where the constellation was. He stabbed at the first constellation he could hit in the general vicinity of Hercules, and was relieved when nobody challenged his choice.

AS a senior curator of the Museum, Dr. Fisher receives an annual salary of \$6,750. In addition to lecturing, he is supposed to greet distinguished visitors and on occasion to give them special demonstrations. He once put on a private show for Colonel Lindbergh, and was surprised to note that Lindbergh could not identify Alpheratz, an important navigational star in the northern sky. Fisher spends considerable time, too, with relatively undistinguished persons; in his pre-Planetarium days at the Museum he was chiefly responsible for the formation of the Amateur Astronomers Association, which now has around five hundred members. He organized this group in 1927, and for some years served as its president. The Amateurs indulge in astronomical studies with relentless zeal; some of them can think of no more enjoyable way to spend a weekend than to count meteors or to observe variable stars—stars that seemingly alter in brightness and, by such fluctuations, obligingly enable mathematicians to de-



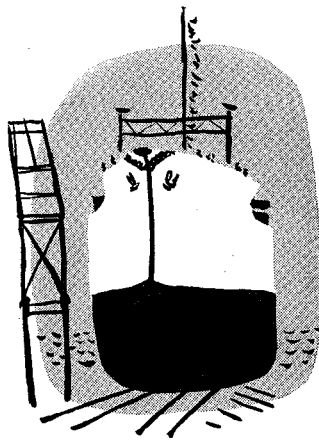
*"...and don't say 'Yes, dear,'
every time I tell you to do something."*

termine their distance from the earth and from each other. One division of the Amateurs is preoccupied with the grinding of optical mirrors for use in telescopes, and spends its evenings in the basement of the Planetarium, where Dr. Fisher has put a couple of rooms at the disposal of grinders. Some of these people, on finishing a mirror, do not even bother to use it, but toss it into a bureau drawer containing high-school athletic medals and pictures of old girls, and immediately start to work on a bigger one. Fisher himself has never ground a mirror and, although he is a member of the American Association of Variable Star Observers, has never consciously observed a variable star varying.

Dr. Fisher's office routine, which consists mainly in answering questions, is slow-paced, and is disturbed only after a magnetic storm, a meteor shower, or a rumor of an impending invasion by Martians. He does not believe that there is life on Mars and has often said so publicly, but people nevertheless often call him up indignantly, as if he were personally responsible for the catastrophe they expect, and demand an explanation. He is always polite and replies sharply only to the few bothersome inquirers who turn up at absurdly frequent intervals with unscientific theories about scientific happenings. There is one man who sometimes telephones long-distance to dwell upon his own peculiar theory that sunspots are nothing more than the reflection of terrestrial storms upon the surface of the sun. Dr. Fisher has given up trying to convince this man that astronomers are uniformly agreed that sunspots are actual disturbances on the surface of the sun and not a reflection of anything. Fisher is prepared to answer all kinds of scientific questions; not long ago, after the phone rang in his office, he turned to a visitor and said matter-of-factly, "Man coming up to ask me about thermocouples and bolometers and that sort of thing." Some of the people who come up merely want to have their horoscopes read. Fisher is unable to read horoscopes, and after patiently telling such applicants the difference between astronomy and astrology, he sends them away, often in a bad temper. When he is asked point-blank about his attitude toward astrology, he invariably replies, guardedly, "I am still uncon-

vinced that there is any influence exercised by the heavenly bodies over the lives of men."

THE Fishers live in a three-room apartment on West Seventy-second Street, full of tomahawks, war drums, and other Indian knickknacks which Te Ata uses professionally. She is sometimes known as Princess Te Ata, and she lists herself thus in the telephone directory; she says that almost all lady Indian entertainers adopt the title, much as prizefighters call themselves Kid. Dr. Fisher met her while they were both on lecture tours. She claims to have been drawn to him by his voluminous knowledge of the Latin names of plants. She is his second wife; his first was an Ohio girl by whom he had three daughters, whom he sees occasionally. The mother was divorced from Fisher in 1933, and he married Te Ata shortly thereafter. He was an Indian by then himself, having been unexpectedly adopted into a Sioux tribe of North Dakota in 1927 while on a camping trip with Ernest Thompson Seton, a fellow-naturalist. Seton, who had expected to be, and was, taken into the tribe, had made conscientious preparations, borrowing an appropriate Indian costume for the occasion and hiring an Indian guide to teach him an acceptance speech in Sioux, which he memorized phonetically. Fisher was wearing his ordinary tramping outfit of rubber-soled shoes, riding breeches, puttees, and a sports shirt. He was stunned when informed of the honor about to be conferred on him, and



ad-libbed an embarrassed speech in English, inviting his brothers to drop in at the Museum if they were ever around this way. To date, none has showed up. Fisher was later shocked to learn that his Indian name, Mato-koki-popi, or Afraid of Bear, had formerly belonged to a tribesman who helped to kill Sitting Bull and died himself in the scuffle.

Fisher disapproves of homicide and becomes uneasy whenever the subject of his Indian name is brought up. Seton, acting as any Sioux would toward another, later advanced Fisher to his present high status as a woodchuck expert by asking him to criticize the chapter on that creature in his voluminous "Lives of Game Animals"—an invitation that nat-

uralists all over the country interpreted as meaning that Seton judged Fisher to be the ranking woodchuck man, next to himself. Fisher, a modest fellow, is inclined to minimize his importance. "There are probably other people who know as much about woodchucks as I do," he told one friend who was complimenting him upon being chosen, "but I will admit that I have known woodchucks all my life."

Fisher's acquaintances, aside from woodchucks, run largely to scientists and explorers. He has been a member of the Explorers Club for seventeen years and is on amiable terms with such men as Sir Hubert Wilkins, Roy Chapman Andrews, Admiral Byrd, and Vilhjalmur Stefansson. He eats lunch almost daily in a dining room at the Museum frequented by the Curators of Entomology, Mineralogy, Ornithology, Anthropology, and Paleontology, and they all hold lively, knowing conversations about such things as quantum mechanics and uranium. He likes dining with other astronomers and, after coffee and liqueurs, chatting about something like the problem of how far a man could broad-jump if by some unlikely chance he found himself on the surface of the moon, a speculative situation upon which astronomers love to theorize. (It is commonly supposed that a man could jump six times as high there as he could on earth, but astronomers enjoy harping on various refinements of this theory, one being that the six-to-one ratio would hold only if a man's centre of gravity were at his feet instead of up near his appendix.) Fisher's favorite diversion is simply to stroll through the woods, usually with his wife, stopping every few feet to call off the Latin name of a plant or to communicate with a bird. He can recognize four hundred kinds of birds by sight and sound and can imitate the calls of two dozen, being especially proficient at screech owls, bob-whites, and Wilson's thrushes. His walks are about as easy to chart as those of a floorwalker in a department store, and Te Ata once said after an outing, "It would be impossible for him to take a straight walk." He sometimes tries to map out a reasonably straight course by using the sun or moon as a guide, and as a result gets lost for an hour or so. On their walks, the Fishers always take along lots of fresh fruit and a few cameras. Fisher is extremely fond of fresh fruit, especially apples, and in town he frequently carries a bagful around with him, now and then offering one to a Museum attendant in return for some



"Did anyone ever tell you that you're beautiful, Miss La Cour?"

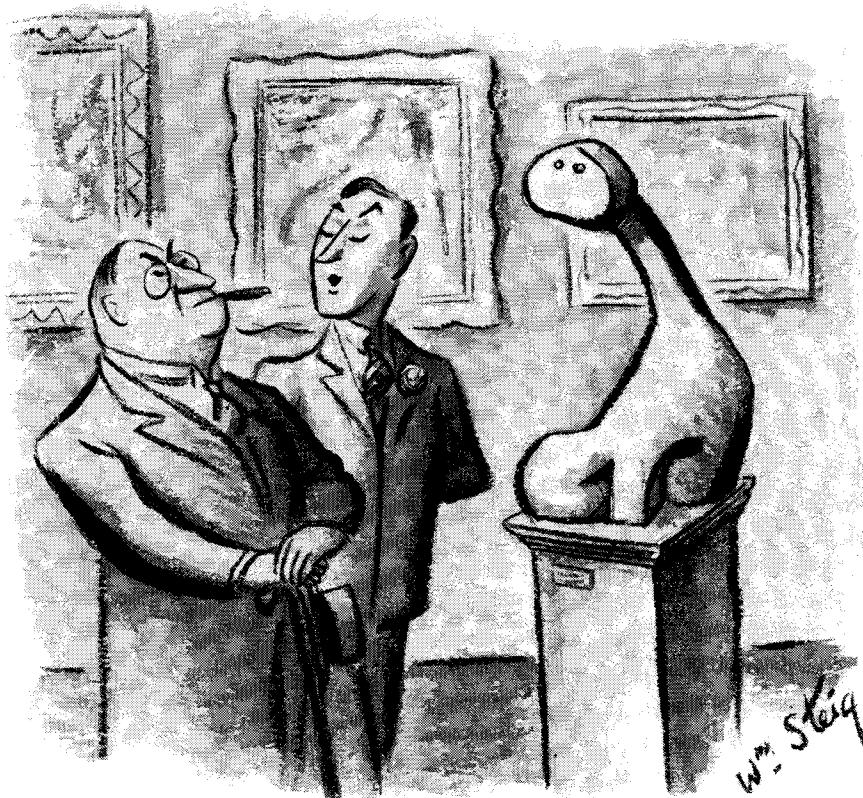
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small service. He owns five expensive cameras and has at least two with him on all excursions. He likes to have photographs taken of himself in such eccentric positions as sitting on the edges of meteor craters and looking down thoughtfully into them. He is willing to go to some lengths to get what he hopes will be a

striking picture of some other subject, and once had some friends lower him on a rope part way down the side of a sheer 400-foot cliff in order to snap a duck hawk's nest. He was photographing a couple of young duck hawks when their mother returned in an angry, argumentative mood. Fisher merely swung

around and photographed her, too, which startled her sufficiently to give his friends a chance to haul him up safely.

There is nothing Dr. Fisher enjoys quite so much as to go somewhere, even if it is only Central Park. He has made several expeditions for the Museum and on his own, and he likes to draw atten-



"I couldn't recommend a safer investment for your money."

tion to the fact that he has inspected every known meteor crater in the United States and Europe, of which there are ten in all. His first Museum expedition was to Bermuda in 1924, to take pictures of angel fish. Not long afterward, he visited Lapland on behalf of the Museum. He spent three months with the Lapps, living in their primitive huts and subsisting on reindeer meat and reindeer milk. He was twice bitten by a Lapp dog. On July 4, 1924, he struggled through knee-high snow to the top of Mount Akka, a 6,000-foot Swedish mountain never previously ascended by a Sioux, and impulsively and patriotically unfurled a small American flag, along with the standard of the Explorers Club, which members of that body always carry when exploring. On the same trip he became one of the few white men fortunate enough to witness a migration of lemmings, the mouselike animals of northern Norway which jump by the millions into the sea at irregular intervals, presumably trying to get to the lost continent of Atlantis. Fisher managed to capture one lemming before it could commit suicide and placed it inside a camera case. When the lemming got hungry it ate the velvet lining of the case, and Fisher, who values his photographic equipment even more highly than his ordinarily strong compunction

against killing tiny animals, wrung its neck. He brought the skin back with him and keeps it in his office, along with a few pieces of meteoritic rock.

THERE is no particular explanation of why Dr. Fisher likes meteor craters except that it delights him to probe the wounds of a collision between heaven and earth. If a meteorite should land close to New York and make a perceptible impression, he would doubtless arrive on the scene almost as quickly as the *News* and the *Mirror*, and remain there considerably longer. It was one of the major disappointments of his life that, while he was on an eclipse expedition to Siberia in 1936, he was prevented by a Soviet government uninterested in his passion for craters from inspecting some created in Siberia thirty-two years ago by a large and spectacular bombardment of heavenly fragments—the only important crater-producing fall to occur in history. He has climbed happily into a crater at Odessa, Texas, into one at Haviland, Kansas, and into seven on an island off the coast of Estonia, but his favorite is the largest known one in the world, just west of Winslow, Arizona. It measures almost a mile in diameter and is six hundred feet deep, and Fisher has crawled all over it. He has flown over it twice, once persuading

the pilot of a commercial air liner who shared his interest in photography to go off his course in order to let Fisher, who was merely a passenger, make some aerial shots. The other passengers were indulgent and were not annoyed until the pilot not only flew low over the crater but actually dipped a wing into it, which they considered too accommodating.

Next to scrambling around in meteor craters, Fisher's favorite outdoor sport is observing total eclipses of the sun, which he once described in a book as sights "of unparalleled beauty in the experience of man." Fisher has seen four of them: two in this country, one in Siberia, and one in Peru. He does not care much about making scientific observations, and when asked by a friend what research he had done on his Peruvian expedition, he replied, "I've never tried to find out anything. I am not a practical astronomer." He was practical enough during an eclipse in New England in 1932, however, to scoop some of his colleagues by chartering an airplane from which to watch the spectacle. He got Casey Jones, the World War pilot, to fly it for him, and took Leopold Godowsky, an amateur astronomer, along as a passenger. They flew up over the clouds and had a fine view of the event while other astronomers sulked enviously on the ground, unable to see anything but the bottoms of the same clouds that were several thousand feet below the plane. On this trip Fisher *was* trying to find out something: whether the moon, as some astronomers claimed, cast a sharply defined shadow on the surface of the earth just before totally eclipsing the sun. Finding that the clouds beneath him formed a nice, smooth background for a shadow, Fisher focussed a motion-picture camera on them, and took pictures of the shadow as it moved along at a speed of what he estimated to be a thousand miles an hour. After he had landed and shaken a few wisps of cloud out of his hair, he had the film developed and proved to his complete satisfaction that the shadow was blurred and vaguely defined. "The moon does not cast a sharply defined shadow on the surface of the earth," he announced triumphantly, and astronomers the world over breathed a sigh of relief.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

Tests show that more than 75 per cent of the pressure gauges in use on potato spray rigs are inaccurate.—*Pittsburgh Press*.

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DEC. 26-27-28
JAN. 1-2-4



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—ATKINSON, Times

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"By all means go and see it" —Whipple, World Tele.
Herman Shumlin presents

ETHEL BARRYMORE in "THE CORN IS GREEN"

A play by Emlyn Williams
Directed by Mr. Shumlin
NATIONAL Theatre, 41 St. W. of B'way. PE 6-3220
Eves. 8:40. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40
Extra Holiday Mats. Thurs., Dec. 26 & Jan. 2

Coley, and a remarkably effective Viennese actor called Oscar Karlweis all go about their bloody business with the greatest energy, and Otto Preminger, as director, has done his best to pull two plays into one appetizing whole. It was not his fault that this task was a little beyond his powers.

IF you are immune to soft, persuasive dialect and a national manner of speech which has a way of making things sound a good deal larger and lovelier than they are, I doubt if there is much to hold your attention in "The Old Foolishness," Paul Vincent Carroll's new play at the Windsor. An aesthetic New York attorney, addressing Mr. John Golden, the producer, and incidentally his press agent, has written in part: "To me it is plain that the play is an Allegory, as Yeats' Cathleen ni Houlihan was; that her three lovers are the Soldier, the Scholar, the Man-on-the-Land; that she cannot give herself wholly and forever to any one of them but must keep herself free although they are all dear to her. Actually she is nearest in spirit to the small dark man, light of heart, free of foot, but incarnating all the wisdom of the ages, with hope in his heart to cover the despair. . . . The name Maeve, of course, lights up the whole room."

These are high-flying words (I have learned to mistrust all people who write "of course" in such an offhand way) and conceivably misleading to the non-Celt. Like Mr. Shaw's "Retreat to Pleasure," "The Old Foolishness" deals basically with a girl who is powerfully attractive to three young men but marries none of them, for reasons best known to the playwright. There are certain mystic overtones, a great deal of native comedy, and almost continually a foggy and portentous atmosphere hanging over the stage, but the drama itself seemed more than a little shapeless and dull. It can be recommended, I think, only to those who love the Irish and know they can do no wrong. In the cast are Sally O'Neil, Roy Roberts, Sean Dillon, and Vincent Donehue, all of whom seem completely at home in this beautiful foreign tongue. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

I knew he moment we met that we were mean for each other. There was something beyond words or even actions. It was something we both felt from the inside. He is not the first girl he has, so we have first boy I have known nor am I something to go by.—Indianapolis News.

No, you're not.

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THE OLD FOOLISHNESS

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HELEN CRAIG in THE "TALK OF THE TOWN" HIT JOHNNY BELINDA

"I recommend Johnny Belinda."—Claxton, Cue

LONGACRE TH. 48 ST. W. OF B'WAY. Cl 6-6454
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE stomach being what an army moves on, as well as the way to a man's heart, the first question I asked when I called on the Public Relations Officer, Headquarters 1229th Reception Center, United States Army, Fort Dix, New Jersey, one afternoon recently was "What sort of food are the new soldiers getting?" The Public Relations Officer turned to a steel filing cabinet and drew from it a mimeographed sheet of letter-size paper dated November 22, 1940. This was the day on which the first batch of drafted men, known officially as "selectees," had arrived at Fort Dix from New York City. The paper was headed:

RECEPTION CENTER
GENERAL MESS
MENU

The document had been signed in the lower left-hand corner by two cooks, verified by a third cook, checked by an assistant mess officer, and approved by a mess officer. The bills of fare for breakfast, dinner, and supper were printed in three artistically laid-out blocks of type. For breakfast, the selectees had on that day one half grapefruit, fresh milk, boiled eggs (four minutes), fried potatoes, dry toast, butter, and coffee. For midday dinner, they had lettuce salad, baked ham, brown gravy, applesauce, mashed potatoes, baked carrots, bread, butter, Jell-O, and coffee. For supper, they had pepper salad, salmon cakes, browned sweet potatoes, creamed turnips, eating apples, bread, butter, and hot tea. The parenthesis telling how many minutes the breakfast eggs were boiled is the United States Army's.

"Now, that wasn't just a special menu got up for the first day they were here," said the Public Relations Officer. "It's typical of the kind of food they're getting all the time. The food is first rate."

"Are the selectees given beans very often?" I asked.

"Sometimes lima beans or string beans, but not the old-fashioned canned beans," he said. "There are plenty of fresh vegetables obtainable, and there's no necessity for giving them canned stuff."

I asked him to tell me something about the general setup of the camp.

"It's fairly simple," he said. "When the selectees arrive, and for a few days afterward, while they are being given uniforms, intelligence tests, medical examinations, and so on, they stay at the section of the Fort known as the Reception Center and are under the direct

LOW NUMBERS

supervision of the Regular Army, which is represented here by what we call 1229th Corps Area Post Unit. After that, practically all of the selectees are assigned to units of the Forty-fourth National Guard Division, which has been federalized and is being brought up to wartime strength. It is quartered here, of course. A few selectees—usually men who have specialized knowledge of some sort—are assigned to some other unit at some other Army post where they happen to be needed. Fort Dix asked for three thousand, seven hundred, and twenty selectees, and all but about seven hundred have arrived now. After that quota is filled, there won't be any selectees coming for a while.

"Before the selectees are assigned to a unit, they live in winter tents—that is, tents with plank floors and stoves in them—in the Reception Center. After they are assigned to a unit, they are moved to the section of camp occupied by that unit, but for two weeks they do not mingle with the other members of the unit they have been assigned to—they live in a separate street of tents, they drill separately, and mess separately, and have their own recreation center. They are really in quarantine for those two weeks, a precaution against

the possibility that they may have some latent contagious disease. They aren't allowed to leave the Fort until this two-week period is over, but you can talk to them if you want to. Before they are assigned to a unit, I'm in charge of their public relations. I'm a Reserve officer recently called up for active service in the Regular Army. After they are assigned to the Forty-fourth National Guard Division, another public-relations officer looks after their publicity—a National Guard officer. That's pretty much the general picture."

Both these public-relations officers, I gathered, have their hands full. Five or six reporters from New York and New Jersey papers are living at the Fort in quarters provided by the 1229th Corps Area Post Unit, and dozens of others come every day, along with photographers, radio and magazine men, and a good many commercial press agents. The press agents are not cordially received, although they are by no means thrown out of the Fort when they go down there to try to figure out a way of hooking up with the national defence program the person or product they are exploiting. The public-relations officers have to decide whether a night-club entertainer, for example, is sincerely interested in entertaining the recruits or whether she and her press agent just



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"THE PHILADELPHIA STORY"
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want to get her name in the papers. "It's hard to figure out," the officer I was talking to remarked. "And anyway, the entertainer who most passionately wants to get her name in the papers may be the most entertaining," he added reasonably.

While we were talking, a squad of selectees marched by outside the window, led by a drill sergeant who was giving them instruction in some simple marching maneuvers. Trudging after them through the snow was a short, stoutish young man in a camel's-hair coat and a brown felt hat, his trousers tucked into the tops of zipper galoshes. I asked the Public Relations Officer who that was. He glanced out of the window and said, "Feature man from Newark." I told him I thought I would wander around a bit myself. "Feel free to ask any questions you want to," he said, and I set out to look over the new Army, feeling very free indeed.

MY first stop was a wooden building in the Reception Center which had a sign on it that said, "Army General Classification Test Building." No tests were being given at the moment and I was shown around inside by a lieutenant who seemed to be in charge. "These tests are intelligence tests," he said, "but the Army prefers to call them 'general classification tests.' The nature of the tests is confidential." I asked him about himself, and he told me he had been a high-school teacher in civilian life and was a lieutenant in the Reserve when he was called up for active service. He was a likable young man with a gentle manner and considerable enthusiasm. He showed me a machine, a product of International Business Machines, which takes a test paper after it has been filled out by a recruit and figures for itself what rating the recruit should have. "The selectee

answers questions by putting a heavy black mark in one space or the other with a pencil, the lead in which has a high carbon content," the lieutenant explained. "Then the machine reacts electrically to the position of the mark and adds up the total number of questions correctly answered and stamps the percentage on the card." He appeared embarrassed when, after he had put a test paper into the machine and pulled a lever, the machine just stood there. He also appeared ill at ease when he called to a company clerk sitting nearby and said in a hearty voice, "Soldier, this machine seems to have blown a fuse.

Will you see if you can fix it, please?" He then showed me a chart on the wall which was headed, "Estimated Frequency of Occurrence of Levels of Ability in a Standard Population."

"We've gotten a higher average than this chart indicated we would," he said. "We've gotten eleven per cent in Group I, whereas the chart said the average was seven per cent. This is out of about three thousand we've tested up till now."

For some reason, neither of us spoke for a moment or two, and he suddenly said, "After this classification work, every recruit is processed."

I asked what he meant by that.

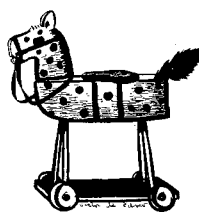
"The Processing Building is over there," he said. "In the Processing Building, the recruit goes through a lot." He picked up a mimeographed sheet from a desk in a corner of the room and showed it to me. Under the heading "Processing Building," there was a list reading as follows:

Receive Manila envelope.
Interview.
Verbal trade test (contents confidential).
Fingerprinting.
Undress and store civilian clothing.
Check valuables.
Urinalysis.
Shower bath.
Drying room.
Eye, ear, nose and throat examination.
Chest and abdomen.
Extremities—to include bones, joints and muscles.
Pulse.
Height, weight and chest measurements.

"Oh, it's a hell of a building," said the lieutenant. "They do all that right there in the one building. The Manila envelope contains all the information about the soldier and is filed with whatever unit he is assigned to. In the interview, a trained interviewer, usually a noncommissioned officer, finds out what kind of work the selectee has been doing; asks him about his hobbies, favorite sports, whether he can sing or play

a musical instrument, and so on; and forms a general opinion of his personality, which is included in his Manila envelope. If he has some special trade that may be valuable to our organization, like carpentry or electrical engineering, he may be given a trade test as well, to determine his degree of efficiency."

I said goodbye to the lieutenant, we shook hands warmly, and I started over toward the Processing Building, but stopped to loiter near a squad of recruits who were lined up outside a street of tents. They were being addressed by a drill sergeant. "Now, men," said the drill sergeant, while I took down his



words, "the formation you are in now is what is called a squad. A squad consists of a leader, an assistant leader, and ten men. From now on, when you are told to fall into your squad this is the formation it will take. Look to your left and right and acquaint yourself with your neighbor, so that you will know what his face looks like and you will recognize his features in order to know what position to take the same as you did this time just now, because if you—" The sergeant hesitated and looked at me. I moved on.

IN the Processing Building I came upon a long row of booths, each with three sides enclosed and the fourth side, facing a corridor, open. In each booth were a table and two chairs. This section of the building was empty except for a corporal, who was sitting by himself at the far end of the corridor. I walked over to him and asked him if this was where the interviews took place. "Yes, sir," he said, standing. I noticed that on each booth was a wooden flag, like a railway signal, and that all the flags were down. "When the flags are down, that means nobody is in the booths?" I asked. "No, sir," he said, "when the flag's up, that means the booth is free." The booths were all free and the flags were all down, but I said, "Thank you, Corporal." He saluted and said, "Not at all, sir," and I walked on.

The Processing Building is so constructed that the recruits come in the same door I had come in, go through the interview room, and proceed through the fingerprinting room to the room in which they undress and store their civilian clothes. Having copied down the list of things that happen to the recruit in this building, I was able to follow the route of some hypothetical recruits through the checking of valuables, shower bath, drying, and medical examination. I then got to a room with some real recruits in it. Here the recruits are measured and given their Army equipment, and, as I learned a moment later, the men then in there were turning in ill-fitting uniforms and shoes. "Step along," a lieutenant was saying to the recruits. "Step along, now." There were about a dozen of them, and they were standing in line, moving up one at a time to a counter behind which stood a couple of company clerks, backed by tall shelves piled with overcoats, coats, trousers, leggings, shoes, and so on. I picked a good place to stand near the head of the line and paused there for a few minutes.

"Reporter!" asked the lieutenant. I said I was, and we shook hands. "It's nothing like the way they say it was in the old days," he said. "There's no throwing the uniform at you by a top sergeant here. They really measure these boys properly and try to get them properly fitted, and there's a regular foot-measuring machine, like in a shoe store. They do everything really properly."

I asked him if he was a Reserve officer, and he nodded. He had been a clerk in a municipal office in Jersey City before he was called up, he said.

Most of the selectees in this group were peculiar-looking in one way or another, each with some outstanding physical characteristic, like extras in a Hitchcock movie. One had an enormous head, another was very long-waisted and had extremely short legs, another seemed almost all legs and had a truncated upper section, another was fat and short and had a constricted look, as if he had grown up in a box. "All these fellows have been back once before trying to get fitted properly," the lieutenant said to me softly. "We're having a difficult time with them."

The two clerks behind the counter were Regular Army privates, I was told. One of them had a bright, blue-eyed face, and he treated the selectees kindly, listening carefully to their complaints about a coat that was too short or a pair of trousers that were so tight they wouldn't button up. Then he would get another size and, with interest, watch the selectee try it on. The other clerk was impatient, hard, and mean. "How you going to fit a trunk like that?" he said to the long-legged selectee. He gave this selectee another pair of pants, and when it turned out that these didn't fit, either, he waved the selectee away, saying, "You can't get no pants to fit a trunk like that." To another, whose leggings were too tight, he said, "If those won't fit, nothing will. What a calf!" and slammed a new pair down on the counter.

One selectee in this group seemed to have a conventional frame. He was a rather handsome, well-built young man who approached the counter confidently, wearing an overcoat that looked well on him, and said, "This overcoat is about the right length, but it's a trifle too loose around the shoulders." The bad-tempered clerk looked him over with disdain. "This ain't Hart, Schaffner or Marx," he said.

"Could I try a forty?" asked the

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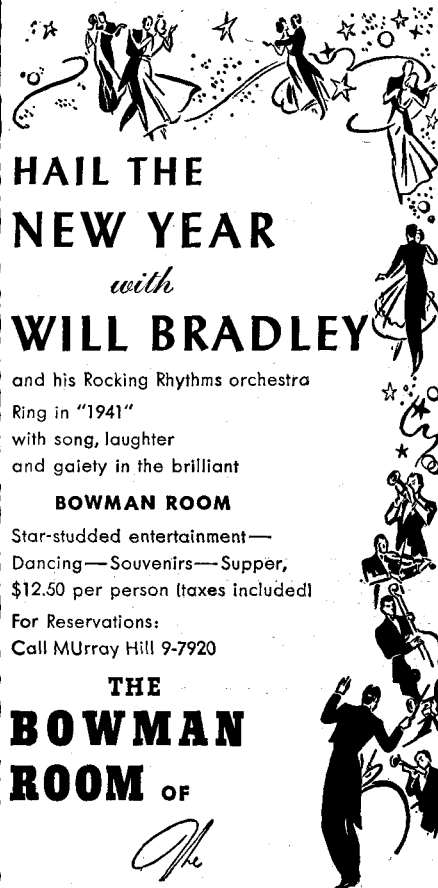
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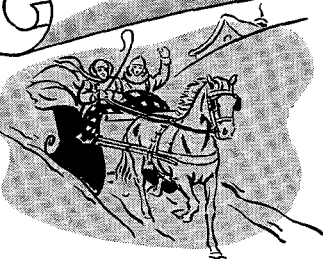
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selectee. "This is a forty-four. I think a forty might be right."

The clerk looked at the man furiously, as if about to climb over the counter, and said, "No, you can't try no forty."

The selectee looked back at him calmly and then walked out with considerable dignity, saying to nobody in particular, "It's too loose around the shoulders, that's all."

LEAVING the Processing Building, I walked over to where one of the National Guard units was quartered. There I told a sergeant I would like to see one of the tents occupied by selectees and perhaps talk to some of them. He handled this request abruptly, as if a good many people had asked him to do the same thing before. He took me to the door of a tent, opened the flaps, stuck his head in, and said, "Tenshun!", and I found myself inside with eight selectees, all standing. I explained my business as best I could, and they were hospitable. They asked me to sit down on the edge of a cot and they themselves sat down. They seemed more at ease than I was and began to tell me about themselves.

"Quite a coincidence with me and my buddy over there," said one of them, nodding at a selectee on the other side of the tent. "We were both in a CCC camp up near Troy and we both got low numbers and here we are both in the same tent down here."

"Is the food better here than it was at the CCC camp?" I asked.

"Quite a bit better," he said, with a judicious look. "Yes, I'd say definitely better. The quarters are not as comfortable, because up there we had wooden barracks, but they tell us we're going to move into wooden barracks here pretty soon. The new thousand-man units, you know."

I asked each one where he was from and what he had been doing before he joined up. Two others had come directly from CCC camps. Four of the eight were from New York City and the others were from upstate towns and cities. Three had had regular jobs and one had been unemployed. Seven of them had volunteered after drawing low numbers. The one who hadn't volunteered was a nice-looking, self-composed young man who grinned and said, "No, I didn't volunteer. I had a good job in a gas-and-electric company and I didn't want to get into the Army. It's interrupting me, of course, but I figure it's something I've got to do, and now that I'm in, I don't mind it

such a lot. But I'm not crazy about it, either."

The last of the eight I talked to said in a foreign accent, "Yes, I volunteered. This country has given me the chance to succeed in life and I am glad to have an opportunity to serve it." I asked what country he was from, and he said, "Germany. In Germany, I was a motion-picture operator—not a photographer, you understand, but an operator of the projection machine in the motion-picture house. But I could do nothing in Germany. I was glad to come here three years ago, and I came in under the quota and took out my citizenship papers. I was working as a clerk in a grocery store in the Bronx when I registered for the draft. I drew a low number and I volunteered. I still have a mother and father and a sister in Germany, and perhaps someday I will be able to get them over here. We are Jewish."

AFTER saying goodbye, I walked to another street of tents, where I found a company commander and struck up a conversation with him. He said he thought everything was going fine. "There's some feeling among some of the older officers that there's too much mollicoddling in this Army," he said, "but most of it seems to make sense. After all, it is peacetime, and I guess that's different from a draft army in wartime. Most of what seems like mollicoddling, anyway, is just a matter of giving them a good, balanced diet as long as they are in a place where they can get it, and taking precautions about catching cold and so on that may prevent another influenza epidemic like they had in the last war. For instance, all the men get four blankets now and a comforter—a quilt that goes on the foot of the bunk, you know. Well, maybe that's mollicoddling and maybe it isn't."

He asked me into his tent and we sat down and lit cigarettes.

"Retreat will be sounded in a few minutes," he said, "and I have nothing to do until then."

A sergeant came in to make a report about something, and the captain introduced him to me. "This is our first sergeant," the captain said. "What used to be called the top sergeant, you know." I asked the sergeant a few questions about the daily routine, and he explained that for the present, until the new men got used to putting on their uniforms, they were being awakened by himself and the other sergeants, by calling and shaking, at five-thirty o'clock in the morning, fifteen minutes before the first call was sounded by the bugler. "That's

just temporary," he said. "The idea of it is to give them time to get their uniforms on—to give them a little leeway, you see. Later on they'll get so they can put their uniforms on in the five minutes between the first call and reveille, but they can't make it yet."

I asked if he had to be very tough with the selectees in breaking them into Army discipline. "That sort of thing is antiquated," he said. "We appeal to their sense of fairness and their sense of duty. After all, this is a democracy, and this is a democratic Army, and we find we don't need to use profanity or anything like that. Kitchen police, for instance, is no longer used as a punishment but is apportioned equally among all members of the unit. We just try to show the selectees that they get along better and are happier in the Army if they observe the rules of the game."

I asked if he had been in the Regular Army or the National Guard before this, and he said he had been in the National Guard. I asked what his occupation had been in civilian life, and he said, "I was a maker of artificial stems for artificial flowers in a shop in Brooklyn. Now I hope to make a career out of the Army. Later on I may get married. I didn't make much of a salary as a civilian and I'm glad to be here." He was a tall, thin man who appeared to be in his early thirties. He had an earnest look accentuated by steel-rimmed spectacles, and he spoke deliberately, choosing his words with some care. He had a Spanish name, and told me his parents had come over from Spain in their youth and that he had been born in Brooklyn.

I asked about the time of the various bugle calls and learned that retreat, which is the ceremony at which the flag is lowered and the national anthem is played, is at 5:15 P.M., supper at 5:30, tattoo at 10, call to quarters at 10:15, and taps at 11.

"What is tattoo for?" I asked.

"It's just a sort of warning that the call to quarters will be in fifteen min-

utes," the captain said. "It doesn't make a great deal of sense, at that. I've often wondered what the origin of it was."

"I think it goes back to the days of heraldry," said the sergeant. "The knights arranged for it so they could leave their mistresses and get back to camp before the inspection, or something of that sort."

"Imagine a sergeant knowing that!" said the captain, with pride.

"It seems a feasible explanation," the sergeant went on. "Catherine the Great should have had such a custom. Then she could have gotten her lovers out of the palace before anybody saw them, or something of that sort."

"Imagine it!" said the captain, still pleased.

RETREAT sounded, and we went outside. The lieutenants had formed the company in the street of tents, and the captain and the sergeant took their places. It was nearly dark now, the moon had come up, and in the dim light Fort Dix looked grim and military. Troops were lined up in other company streets for as far as I could see, the forms of the soldiers black against the snow, the men standing at attention, waiting for the order to present arms. The order came, and somewhere out of sight a band played "The Star-Spangled Banner." It was affecting to hear it there in an Army camp, under a winter moon, with soldiers all about, and the silhouettes of tent tops thrusting into the sky, and I took off my hat automatically and without the self-consciousness a civilian usually feels when he makes that gesture. I found the words of those two familiar lines running through my head in time to the music,

Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner
yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home
of the brave?

and it occurred to me for the first time that these words do not state a fact but are set down in the form of a question.

—ST. CLAIR MCKELWAY

FROM BAD TO WORSE

OR, CERTIORARI TO SCIRE FACIAS

Under what avalanches of contempt of court,

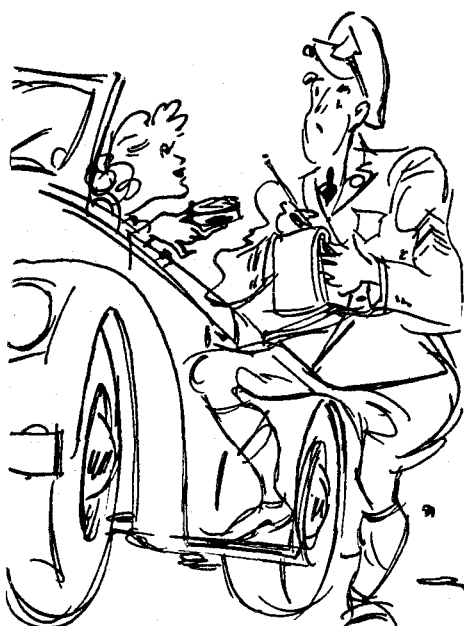
I've often wondered, would His outraged Honor bury
Some waggish lawyer who elected to exhort

The bench in Latin phrase so school-wise exemplary
As, for example, to commit the grievous tort

Of "Care-tee-o-rah-ree" for the sacred "Sir-sha-rare-ry,"
Or with a bumptious "Skee-ray-fah-key-ahss" the short

And simple "Sire-uh-fayshus" breezily to vary.

—STANLEY K. WILSON



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HONORS FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY

A Casual Compendium of a Few Individuals Whose Peculiar Accomplishments Have Brought Them to the Attention of the Public During the Last Year

THE editor of the *British Journal of Astrology*, who announced that he would suspend publication because of "the uncertainty of the immediate future."

The resident of Point Barrow, Alaska, who, when the population of the town reached twenty-five, decided to move away because the place was getting too crowded.

The motorist who justified the complaints of the residents of Siler City, North Carolina, that their traffic signals took too long to change by falling asleep at his wheel while stopped by a red light.

The Louisville judge who in mid-July liberated fifty-three men, charged with drunkenness, because he was afraid the jail would be too hot and uncomfortable for them.

The Dartmouth professor who had ten thousand period marks printed on each of a hundred cards, which he pasted on a wall to give his students an idea of what one million looks like.

The Greenville, South Carolina, youth who was refused a marriage licence because he couldn't remember the girl's name.

The centenarian of Holyoke, Massachusetts, who disclosed that he had never been more than five miles away from his birthplace.

The two prisoners in the county jail at West Stewartstown, New Hampshire, who sent to a Chicago mail-order house for hack-saw blades, sawed the bars off the window of their cell, and escaped.

The Seattle horticulturist who developed a cream-colored cucumber.

The thug in a police lineup in Boston who, when his victims couldn't identify him, obligingly identified himself.

The Milwaukee census-taker who, halfway through his job, tore up his filled-in forms and quit because he found he had to talk to too many women.

The soldier in London who dislocated his jaw while yawning during an air raid on the city.

The persevering gentleman in Annapolis who sought to be a candidate for United States Senator after failing to receive a single vote when he ran for Governor of Maryland in 1938.

The Postmaster of Willard, Ohio, who, while attending the National Postmasters' Convention in Columbus,

turned in an alarm by trying to mail a letter in a fire-alarm box.

The Seattle pastor who participated without success in a salmon-catching contest on a Sunday and apologized to his flock, confessing that "I allowed the flesh to triumph over the spirit and decided to seek the thousand-dollar first prize or one of those five automobiles."

The eleven-year-old boy of Shawnee, Oklahoma, who memorized the names, addresses, and telephone numbers of the five thousand subscribers in the local phone book.

The thoughtful employee of a Cleveland creamery who concocted an ice cream containing all the vitamins found in spinach.

The Parisian dancer who married an admirer after he had served prison terms for stabbing her in the street, setting fire to her bedroom, pushing her into the Seine, and sending her poisoned chocolates.

The Columbus, Ohio, candidate for Representative who refunded \$831 in unspent campaign contributions to his supporters.

The motorist who, after he had paid an eight-dollar fine for speeding in Springfield, Illinois, praised the arresting officer for his "courtesy in making the pinch" and took him out to lunch.

The aesthetic New York laundryman who adopted the practice of scenting his laundry bundles and tying them with "harmonized" ribbons and wrappings.

The Department of Agriculture scientist who produced a variety of watermelon small enough to fit in an average-size icebox.

The exuberant Syracuse husband who, when his wife gave birth to a child, hired an airplane and flew over the city, dropping cigars attached to little parachutes on which were printed the tidings "It's a girl."

The teacher of the sixth grade in a Gaffney, South Carolina, school who found herself idle because all of her pupils quit to get married.

The Town Council of Natick, Massachusetts, which, in an effort to slow down traffic through the community, appropriated \$50 to make the main street bumpy.

The man who walked into a gas station in Coatesville, Pennsylvania, or-

dered a pint of engine oil, drank it, and walked off.

The Pennsylvanian who, when he enlisted in the Army, said that he wanted to be in the Air Corps because he had been making his living by being shot out of a cannon at sideshows and was "tired of artillery."

The Kansas City burglars who looted a home of everything, including the kitchen sink.

The fifty-five-year-old Denver tippler who was arrested while he was on a binge and appeared in court wearing a shirt which bore the insignia of the Boy Scouts of America.

The Brahma bull which strayed into the china section of an Oklahoma City department store and walked out after breaking only one teacup.

The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, which printed a candymaker's advertisement in green ink scented with peppermint.

The member of the Boston School Committee who urged that teachers and pupils be allowed to split infinitives "any damn way they wish."

The Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, which held a national convention without passing a single resolution.

—W. E. FARBSTEN
and J. J. POLLARD

SONG FOR DECEMBER

Gladly I saw the windy chute
of Autumn's furious avalanches.
The leafless crab tree, thick with fruit
struck dark by frost on iron branches,

stands like a tree of Chinese art,
an abstract on a silken void.
You may choose Summer. For my part
I quicken to the lean, uncloyed,

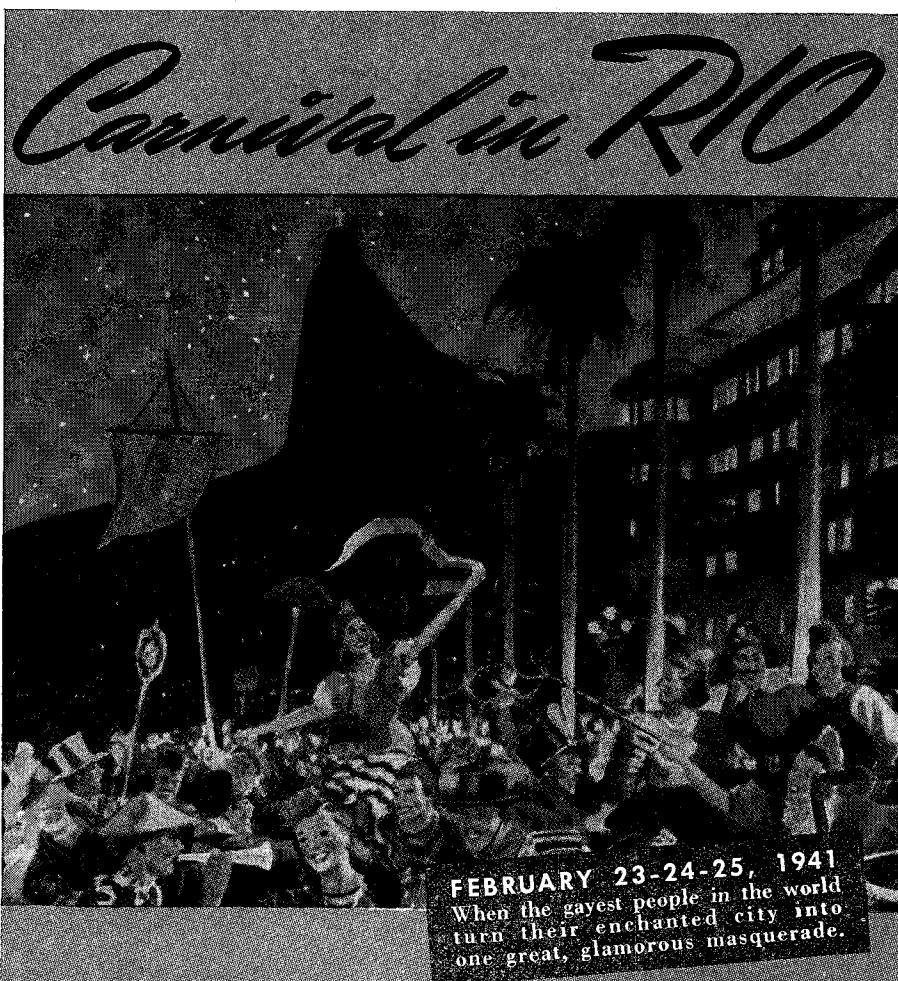
and celibate Winter. Then the cold
bodies the breath before the eye;
platinum twilights, drained of gold,
lie wide and clean in the freezing sky;

safe in the seed is Spring, packed little;
beech leaves flicker like fire gone low;
and cricket corpses, scattered and brittle,
are ruined fiddles under the snow.

—DILYS BENNETT LAING

ESCAPED THE GESTAPO—Dr. Walter Rothschild, former Berlin publisher, and his family, who have found true Liebes-
traum in America after many adventures in Germany.—From a picture caption in the *Washington Post*.

Move over, Liszt.



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Feb. 10th, from Nassau in
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Four Orchestras

DIMITRI MITROPOULOS, the conductor of the Minneapolis Symphony, took over the Philharmonic-Symphony last week for a short term as guest maestro and drew an unusually large Philharmonic-Symphony audience. One reason Carnegie Hall was so well populated was that every conductor not occupied professionally that evening seemed to be in attendance. If Mr. Mitropoulos had become exhausted in the course of his labors and somebody had shouted "Is there a conductor in the house?" there would have been collisions in the aisles.

It was plain, however, that Mr. Mitropoulos isn't the sort that fatigues. He's about as energetic a director as you're likely to encounter—and that's true mentally as well as physically. Every measure of music interests him, and his stimulation is reflected in the details of his conducting. He doesn't use a score or a baton, because he doesn't need them, and they'd only be in the way. Sometimes he gives the impression of being in the midst of the orchestra, pulling up an inner voice here, punching out an accent there, and occasionally apparently lifting an entire section of the ensemble into prominence with his bare hands. He knows what he wants, he gets it, and the orchestra obviously enjoys the experience. So does the audience. After Strauss's "Symphonia Domestica," which Mr. Mitropoulos made incredibly exciting, the subscribers became so enthusiastic they did everything except steal the goalposts. Mr. Mitropoulos's electricity rather overcharged Beethoven's fourth symphony, but there couldn't be any doubt about his mastery as a director or his knowledge of the music he was conducting.

From all of this, please don't get the notion that there's anything deliberately exhibitionistic about the Philharmonic-Symphony's transient boss. He's something to watch in action, all right, but there isn't any act, because Mr. Mitropoulos plainly is a sincere and thorough musician. Whatever the eventual verdict on him may be, he certainly has zipped up the Philharmonic-Symphony season.

EUGENE ORMANDY, who was Mr. Mitropoulos's predecessor with the Minneapolis Symphony and now is conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, also conducted Strauss and Beethoven in

Carnegie Hall last week. The feature of this concert, however, was the appearance of Paul Robeson as soloist in excerpts from Louis Gruenberg's operatic version of "The Emperor Jones" and two moments from "Boris Godunoff." Except for the spiritual "Standin' in the Need of Prayer," the Gruenberg music is no natural for concert use, but Mr. Robeson sang (and spoke) with persuasive simplicity and drama. Mr. Ormandy's management of the orchestral background was expert and lent to the music the benefit of the Philadelphia Orchestra's

tone at its best.

Mr. Robeson sang the Death Scene and Varlaam's Ballad from "Boris Godunoff" in Russian, and as Mr. Robeson is a conscientious artist, and as the only Russian words I know are "sto" and "spasebo" (spelling not guaranteed, either), I'll assume that his pronunciation was good. Both airs needed some vocal acting, though. They seemed to be overpowered by restraint.

FOR its first concert of the season, the New Friends of Music Orchestra and its excellent conductor, Fritz Stiedry, included in the program the world première of Arnold Schönberg's second *Kammersymphonie*. This was music that really required preliminary homework for those of us who couldn't follow by ear all the subtleties of one of the most learned and resourceful of all musicians. A first hearing, however, was enough to reveal a plaintive charm in the slow movement, a sort of bitter humor in parts of the allegro, and the fascinating tonal balance of the entire work. It's music that one would like to hear again, and the performance was one of the orchestra's distinguished achievements.

A new instrumental group turned up in Town Hall with comparatively little advance excitement and right off showed promise of becoming one of the city's valuable institutions. That was the Farbman String Symphonietta, directed by Harry Farbman, who, I hear, has been drilling his associates for months. Certainly, this young orchestra must have been rehearsing together for a long period, because only an ensemble that has had scads of workout sessions could play with such spontaneity and snap.

—ROBERT A. SIMON



OF ALL THINGS

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT's new plan for aid to Britain was in the true spirit of Yuletide. We buy the gifts ourselves and remove the price tags.

The great mystery melodrama at Vichy ended in an anticlimax. All that happened was that the Nazis traded the remains of Napoleon's son for the remains of Pierre Laval.

It is significant that no representative of Italy was invited to the Vichy conference. Nobody asks Mussolini anything now, except possibly the time of day.

As if the Italians did not already have troubles enough, a new calamity looms up. Apparently they are about to be saved from ruin by the Germans.

A Supreme Court decision has settled the long argument as to the powers of the state and national governments over rivers. Any stream is now federal if it is wet.

Messrs. Knox, Stimson, and Knudsen will try desperately to speed up the production of arms. We would be all right if there were any military use for red tape and bottlenecks.

The feud between Secretary Ickes and the newspapers is still bitter. It will probably turn out to be a movie, like the Benny-Allen thing.

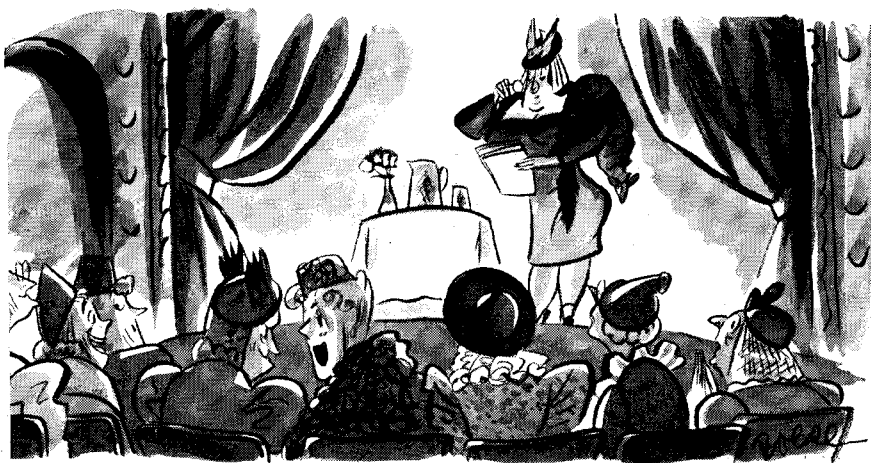
The Missouri professor who nailed himself into his attic can now be left in peace. A Willkie elector in Michigan absent-mindedly voted for F.D.R.

A considerable part of the World's Fair Futurama is being installed in Rockefeller Center. The show will open in January, but nobody is standing in line as yet.

Some way must be found to settle the dispute between the broadcasting chains and the A.S.C.A.P. It would be terrible if we all had to sit and rest our ears.

New York's new subway adds another complication to our underground life. One false step and you land in Queens.

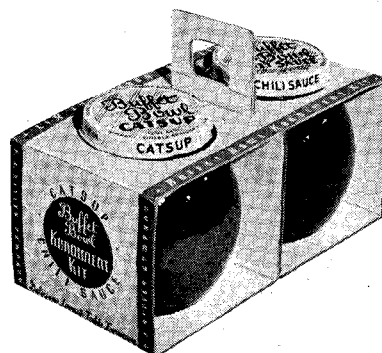
—HOWARD BRUBAKER



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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



CONTROVERSIES may continue over what country is to be the fashion centre of the world for "important" clothes, but in the matter of beach and play things, the United States has long reigned unchallenged. There seems little likelihood that our position will be usurped, either, in view of the offerings by native designers to be found in the Southern-resort shops of some of our better stores.

In the vanguard of Young Men Who Will Bear Watching is Lord & Taylor's Mr. Brigrance, whose sweet sanity in making play clothes comfortable is effectively disguised by a dazzling imagination in design. When you see a tiny pink linen bathing suit trimmed with black soutache braid, demurely naughty in the Récamier tradition, it is hard to remember that this designer uses no fabric or trimming which sea water can damage. A little shirring, like an old-fashioned garter, at the back of a halter neck looks frivolous and charming, but it is also there because Brigrance will have no truck with a neckline which, though firmly anchored, won't give easily when you move. (Remember how halters can gouge?) He also wants Lastex inserts in his fabrics only where a certain amount of give is necessary; elsewhere, he wants them plain so he can achieve dressmaker touches. His manufacturers have gained artistic stature by catering to this whim. Thus, in a salmon-pink rayon faille making a swing skirt, bra, and panties, it's impossible to tell where the Lastex sections begin and end, unless you pull the material.

Lord & Taylor show lots of beach things in black and white combined with brilliant color. (If you don't tan well, you need this sort of sharp contrast to make your white skin look white instead of anemic in the sun's glare, but even if you're not faced with such a problem, the idea is effective.) There is a bathing suit of black-and-white striped cotton with bright-green grosgrain ribbon around its perky little-girl skirt and on its bodice, or with green ivy leaves loving-

ly applied here and there. A silk swim suit has a splashy bright-pink pattern on a black ground and a sling-brassière top making the soft bosom line that women dote on. A black-and-white piqué bathing suit has a bright-green built-in brassière with ends that emerge in front; you twist and wrap them around your waist. You'll also find slacks with all kinds of wrapped effects to flatter your figure. In some, with straight, tubular, uncreased legs, flaps of the material cross and button on each hip, making a flat, smooth line over the stomach. As for blouses (L. & T. are not alone this year in loving dressmakery ones even with the most tailored of shorts and slacks), some have been given a surplice line by wrapping the material either straight across the waistline and fastening it at both sides or wrapping it upward to fasten at the shoulders.

Other touches of genius: Bathing suits of baby-pink or blue gabardine with hand-knitted tops to match; little flaring skirts with ribbed hand-knit wool at their waistbands; hand-knit brassières and diamond-shaped tops that button to shorts. A white hand-knit bathing sweater, sleeveless and waist-length, has wide shoulder straps curving around its arm-

holes—couldn't be better; with it go wool gabardine shorts. For fun, there's a rayon jersey blouse with long sleeves slit down the outside; unbutton the cuffs, and your arms are left bare, the sleeves nonchalantly dangling—smart and strangely practical. This is accompanied by green jersey slacks. Play things and bathing suits cost from around \$12.95 to \$35.

IF you want slack suits—perfectly plain, tailored, beautiful slack suits without any froufrou—you couldn't have a better goal than Bonwit Teller. More than one Hollywood beauty has wired this shop to order such suits in half-dozen lots, not realizing (snicker, snicker) that most of the models were worked out with Hollywood manufacturers, who understand tailored slacks better than anybody else. To these manufacturers thanks are due, too, for a new synthetic material—a dull, sheer, closely woven fabric that looks like gabardine but doesn't crush (personal experience) and comes in heavenly colors. Bonwit Teller show it in plain, straight slacks, fitted jackets—with that hand-stitched pucker around the pockets and down the edges which you see on the lapels of men's jackets—and loose coats,



"But remember, Mrs. Trocker, in times like these it's our duty to cheer people up."

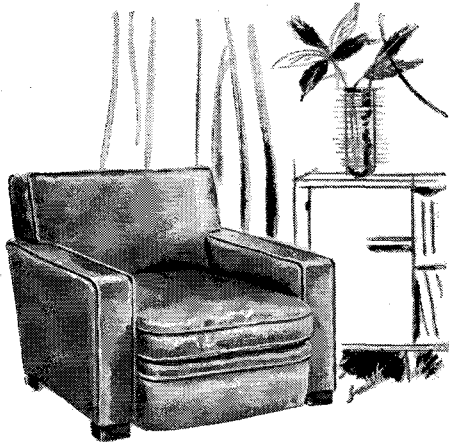


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knee-length and full of swagger. Plain, tailored shirts dyed to match are on hand in this fabric or in a rayon crêpe. This shop dotes on grays, season after season, and now uses a dark one with a large white crossbar to make a particularly nice shirt-and-pants costume. They even have a tender concern for size-44 women who yearn to wear slacks; the best model for these wistful souls is a tunic affair, bloused to a drawstring waistline and flat around the hips. The shop's bathing suit for sizes 12 to 44 is made of a rayon shantung material, with a V décolletage and deft tucks down the ribs; a straight coat, knee-length, goes with it. For slim and giddy girls, one-piece suits or little-skirt-and-puckered-pants-and-bra combinations are made of a Latex fabric, dull white and with the feel of angel skin. There is also a maillot of printed challis, with a back that is all shirred and puckered and a front that is plain, except for one prim row of shirring straight up the centre. You don't have to be a cutie to love it. Prices for these suits start at \$16.95 and go up to \$29.95.

THE passion for black in beach wear is also apparent at Altman. Here they treasure black bengaline slacks with a gold kid belt (\$12.95, to give you an idea) and black shorts with a gold button on the flap of the pocket. To accompany either of these, they recommend (don't jump) a long-sleeved white satin blouse with small pearl buttons. The trousers of their terrace pajamas are made of a white rayon crêpe, with enormously full and circular legs; the blouse is very 1940—cut in front to as low a V as possible, with a tiny leather buckle at its base and having long, loose sleeves caught at the wrist in tight cuffs. For nonsense, there are Gay Nineties bathing suits. One has red-and-white candy horizontal stripes, with little shoulder straps and an absurd pleated ruffle below the hips; another has a "skirt" in the form of a peplum. Lastex suits here are given a softer treatment through the bosom than in other years; look at a gored, faille-type Lastex skirt with a top of rayon printed crêpe that drapes and wraps around. Altman's exclusive Hibiscus print—a cotton with yellow and red flowers on a dull-purplish ground—makes a variety of inexpensive beach things, such as robes and bathing suits and long-sleeved jackets, as well as informal clothes of all kinds. Here, too, you'll find quantities of those crisp, clean, washable dresses that we all love in hot

weather. Among them are an enchanting, square-necked affair with a wide circular skirt of white piqué that has prim blue bouquets scattered over it (\$6.50) and a printed cotton dirndl (they call it a garden dress this year) with a separate sash dangling two decorative seed pockets in front (\$13.95).

For gadgets, Altman bobs up with a wrap-around turban of wool jersey which lets your pompadour emerge and has a point like the one on a jester's cap hanging in back, rough straw hats with raffia field flowers encircling their crowns, and dunce caps of white piqué.

BLACK is fine, but we in this country have always loved bright, clean prints, too. This year one of the manufacturers has made a brilliant contribution with a sprawling wallpaper print of giant roses on a sheer white sharkskin—the most heavenly thing of its kind that I have seen in many a day. Saks-Fifth Avenue has used this print in a number of ways. It appears in dresses and shorts with shirts. It also appears in a three-piece play suit, with pleated shorts, which embodies many new notions: a tiny, long-sleeved bolero (people are crazy for long-sleeved jackets and blouses all of a sudden) and a halter-neck brassière that is nice and long through the ribs and ascends to tie in two bows between the breasts, giving the precarious, naked look even the nicest women seem to love. The print turns up again in one of the most beautiful beach coats of this or any other year—one that's high-waisted in back and buttoned down the front in a long, fitted line (waistlines resting on the top of the hips are here to stay, it seems), with a few casual pleats to make a softly rounded hipline. It can be made to order in plain sharkskin, too, and in either case it is the kind of thing you'd slip into for dinner on the terrace as well as for lunch in the cabaña. Another sensation at the same shop is a long, skinny jumper of rayon-silk jersey, to be worn with slacks; it has a plain, round neck and long sleeves and goes straight down to the hips, with slight shirring on the ribs to indicate the waistline. It's \$35 all told.

—L. L.

EAT WITH BOTH HANDS; like daily bath; keep mouth shut when you sleep; like to spend winter in Maine woods cabin with woman writer? Box 0-6.—*Adv. in Writer's Digest.*

How many blankets, puss?

LETTER FROM LONDON

DECEMBER 20 (BY CABLE)

LONDON has been a city of smiling faces and heart-warming headlines all week. The papers have solemnly warned the public against imbibing too freely of the "heady wine" of victory on land and pointed out that difficulties were sure to be encountered as the British lines of communication lengthened in Africa and Graziani's shortened. All the beaming average citizen knows is that the victory in the western desert has finally scotched the public's suspicion that, though the Air Force is magnificent and the Navy grand, the Army still thinks it's fighting some other war—the Crimean, say. What made people happiest was the perfect timing, slickness, and coordination of the attack, showing that the bitter lessons of France and Flanders have been well and truly learned. "Speed" and "brilliance" had been ruefully looked upon as exclusively Nazi nouns for so long that it was certainly heady to find them back in the British vocabulary again.

The Greek successes have also come in for their share of the general enthusiasm. Milliners have whipped up something known as the Evzones hat, which women are supposed to slap patriotically on their pates this winter, and distinguished correspondents have written to the *Times* suggesting that "to prove our admiration and gratitude to our Greek allies, it would be a just as well as a graceful act to return to them the (so-called) Elgin marbles," which were removed by the noble Lord Elgin from the Parthenon at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Surely the British have been in the mood to give the Greeks anything. One of the favorite occupations for the long and momentarily quiet evenings has been to tune in on the German news commentator and listen to him carefully skirting around the news of what has been happening to the Axis partner. Many people think that Hitler's aid to Italy may take the form of a move over the Alps and that it's quite in the cards that German broadcasts will soon be coming over the Rome wave length, too.

ALL the jubilation didn't lessen the shock and universal regret caused by the death of Lord Lothian. The public had known him principally as a member of the famous Cliveden set and had only lately awakened to the fact that it had a great ambassador in Washington.

The news of his death was received as a national disaster. Some of the suggestions put forward in the press as possible candidates for his successor—Lord Beaverbrook and Mr. Lloyd George, for instance—have been funny. At the moment, Sir Archibald Sinclair, the Secretary of State for Air, looks like the best of the suggestions, having the charm, the brains, and the breeding necessary for what, after the Premiership, is England's No. 1 job today.

MEANWHILE the big news locally is the sudden cessation of all air activity, which has given London some of the quietest nights since the *Blitz* started. Although conditions frequently have seemed perfect for raids, the boys just haven't been coming. Naturally, there has been plenty of speculation as to the reasons for the lull, which were mostly felt to be sinister ones. Although the Prime Minister has never ceased his warnings that invasion is not necessarily something to be put away till spring, the press is just now rediscovering the danger and playing it up as hard as it can.

Figures of weekly shipping losses are also given great prominence, apparently in a campaign to make the public realize that Britain will have to pull in her belt a bit tighter during the new year. They certainly have been a sobering antidote, if one was needed, to possible undue elation over the Italian defeat. A chart of tonnage-loss averages brought out by one of the morning papers looked like a fever patient's graph, swooping dizzily up to the 200,000-ton mark in October and still hovering critically near the danger line. People are grimly convinced that it will swoop up again in the new year unless the knocking out of Italy can be accomplished by then, with the highly important result that the Mediterranean fleet would be released for conveying Canadian butter and New Zealand mutton to England's stomachs.

The abundance and variety of food stocks available are still amazing, but there have already been hints from Lord Woolton, the energetic and capable Minister for Food, that various commodities must be kissed a long goodbye for the duration. The Christmas shops have showed little shortage of the traditional delicacies, except turkeys, which are both scarce and expensive. The big stores came out valiantly with holly-and-cellophane-garlanded signs proclaiming that "There'll always be



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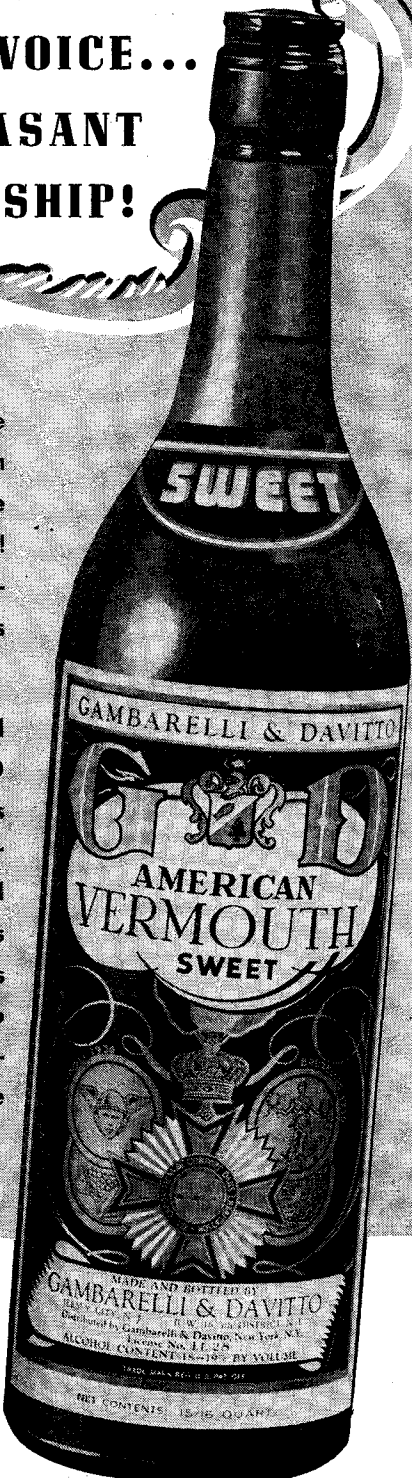
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a Christmas," and did a rattling good trade in spite of the publicity campaign suggesting that a couple of National Savings Certificates in the toe of the stocking was all that any good citizen could need. Parents have taken advantage of the lull in the *Blitz* to smuggle children up from the country for a brisk scurry through the toy bazaars, thereby brightening the lives of all the Santas, who had been drooping in their red flannelette and false whiskers among the childless acres of dolls and electric trains.

HOWEVER unseasonably men may be behaving at this festival of peace on earth and mercy mild, the heavens are contributing a seasonable note. British astronomers are excited over what they call the triple conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn, a spectacle which was last seen in England when Charles II was on the throne and is recorded as one of the strange happenings preceding the birth of Christ. Londoners tacking up the holly in their Anderson shelters are hoping that this will be the only unusual display in the heavens when once more they celebrate that birth on the night of December 25, 1940.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

RICH, BEAUTIFUL PROSE DEPT.

[A letter received by a lady who bought some sherbet glasses in a Madison Avenue store, thinking she was just buying some sherbet glasses]

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thank you ... and once again ... welcome!

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TABLES FOR TWO

The Week Between Wednesdays

WITH the holiday season at what is sometimes referred to as its height, most of the night clubs are now going all out in the matter of entertainment. The Rainbow Room, for example, is offering what it calls its Continental Winter Show, a very long and very varied program started off by a lady accordionist who may be Continental but didn't strike me as being especially wintry. From there it goes on and on, reaching its high spot, I think, with the appearance of Elvira Rios, a lovely, slinky singer with plenty of voice but an inclination to use only a small, delicate part of it. The fact that you can hear her at all proves that she has the ability to get an audience completely under control and keep it there; if you have any pins with you, drop them before she begins. José Fernandez contributes some of his usual castanet-clicking dance routines, with the help of Teresita, a new partner, and, finally, Gali Gali contributes his usual flock of baby chickens, which he extracts from the customers' clothes. The Rainbow Room, by the way, is one of those places that won't let the waiters circulate while the show is going on—a commendable policy that would be even more so if the show were cut to a reasonable length. The night I was there, it lasted for almost an hour, which seemed a bit excessive. After all, if the Rockefellers want to experiment with full-length revues, they have two perfectly good theatres downstairs.

The Rainbow Room's little brother, Rainbow Grill, has been given some new plaid drapes, and very fine-looking they are, too. The Grill is clinging to its practice of filling that awkward interval between nine-thirty and ten-thirty with something lushly called the Champagne Dance Hour. During it, customers may dance with either Don Julian or Marjori, the Grill's dance team, and if enough other customers think they're good, win a bottle of champagne.

HILDEGARDE is back at the Savoy Plaza's Café Lounge, where she has been turning up periodically for some time, and she is still bristling with tricks, such as having mammoth shadows of her head cast on the walls by spotlights clamped to the edge of her piano keyboard. She has one innovation: she tinkles briefly on a Solovox, an auxiliary keyboard also clamped to her

piano. Hildegarde, who is not clamped to the piano, keeps jumping up to chuck ringsiders under the chin and waving at more distant admirers. I think highly of her voice, her choice of numbers, and the polish of her performance, but I sometimes get tired of what a movie critic might refer to as her mugging. Even when she's just playing a piano solo, she seems to feel that she has to play it not only with her hands but with her face too.



While we're on the subject of lady singers, let's take up Anne Francine, who is at the Club Cuba. Compared to many of her contemporaries in this field, Miss Francine has the appearance of a grand-prize-winner in a 4-H contest at a county grange gathering, and, to go along with her husky build, she has a pleasant, husky voice. This sounds so much better when she gets along without a microphone that I wish she'd get along without one all the time, but I suppose that's asking too much. The Club Cuba, incidentally, is now trying to draw an older crowd than it has in the past, and I hear that several adolescents have even been turned away. Well, the new policy is all right with me, but it seems tough on the kiddies, who will now, apparently, either have to stay home or go to Leon & Eddie's.

PEOPLE who are fond of Viennese waltzes and too rarely get a chance to practice them will be glad to know, I imagine, that the Tapestry Room of the Park Lane is catering specially to their tastes these evenings. Herbert Hagenor's orchestra is responsible, playing waltzes almost as frequently as Kate Smith sings "God Bless America" nowadays. The Tapestry Room is a formal, Viennese-waltzlike place, with an ornate ceiling and, new this season, a small bar in one corner. Oh, yes, and if you're thinking of doing your waltzing there after the theatre, guess again; the room shuts down around ten o'clock.

AT La Martinique, they recently accomplished the feat of redecorating the premises without losing a night's business. The bandstand has been shifted across the room, so that now it faces people who are hovering in the entrance. The management suspected, I understand, that prospective patrons who came to the door and didn't in-

stantly see a band became alarmed and ran off. At any rate, the band, in full view of everybody, now plays under a gay peppermint-striped awning to an appreciative group of conga and rumba fanciers. This and other alterations prompted a young thing at the table next to mine to remark with ladylike vagueness, "It used to look like one of those conga places, but they've changed it to make it look more intimate now." The show, I suppose, might be called as intimate a spectacle as you could expect in an ex-conga place. It includes a couple of dancers named, with dubious euphony, Poggi and Igor, who reverse the ordinary dance-team procedure by beginning one of their routines with what would serve as a finale for many of their colleagues—a series of daredevil off-the-ground whirls.

If you are partial to Russian folk singing, you should make tracks for the Casino Russe, which has four sturdy vocalists, male and female, who dress up in what appear to be old costumes borrowed from the Moscow Art Theatre. The show also includes Gypsy Markoff, who not only sings but is, of course, an accomplished accordionist as well, and a Russian flame dancer who, using his teeth, recklessly tosses blazing knives at dollar bills. Occasionally he burns up about forty cents' worth of a bill, which must enrage any Communists who happen to be in the audience.

THIS should be the height of the night-club season on Broadway, too, but Broadway hasn't had very much of any kind of season. Still, there's the Diamond Horseshoe. I dropped in there last week and found a lot of beautiful show girls, dressed in a reasonably inadequate way. In addition to the girls, Billy Rose, who goes in heavily for nostalgia here, has collected a bunch of gifted, more or less old-timers, including Gilda Gray, Blanche Ring, Julian Eltinge, Eddie Leonard, and Harland Dixon, all of whom are adept at stirring up memories, I guess, but some of whom also stirred up in me some sensations of embarrassment. Mr. Rose's finale is up to his usual standard, with a patriotic motif, a display of fireworks, and waiters scurrying about to clap red, white, and blue paper hats on the customers' heads. It's *that* gay. —CHECK

SEVEN ENLIST IN
ARMY FOR WEEKEND
—Headline in the *Grand Junction* (Colo.)
Sentinel.

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THE ART GALLERIES

John Marin—A Few First Showings

A PART from some earlier efforts, John Marin has been showing oils regularly, along with his water colors, only in the last seven or eight years, and there's still a slight feeling about that he needn't have bothered, that water colors are really his meat and he'd have done far better to leave the heavier medium alone. It seems to me that his present exhibition, at An American Place, should go far to correct that impression. Eight oils are included, as against twelve water colors and a couple of drawings, and though Marin has produced some extraordinarily successful single canvases in the past (remember that deep-purple marine of a few seasons ago, with its bold whitecaps and stormily jagged wave action?), it's only in this year's collection that the oils as a group for the first time take definite precedence over the others in both feeling and technical assurance.

All this, of course, is not to say that the water colors aren't fine enough, too—as, indeed, how else could they be in a Marin show? Cape Split is the prevailing subject in this category, and at least one in the lot is really magical. It is numbered IX in the series called "Cape Split, Maine—1940," and pictorially it's no more than a glimpse of rocky foreshore and the sea and clouds beyond. But it is done with all Marin's genius for succinctness and compact form—the rocks reduced to a cluster of gray, jutting triangles, the clouds to a kind of arrowy convergence, aimed at the horizon—and the whole thing emerges as a somehow stirring achievement and one full of the sea's bleak sparseness and spaciousness. I liked, also, the one numbered V in the same series, with its pale curve of coastline set against the horizontals of the sea, as well as the darker No. VII.

But in spite of the varied movement and vivid poetic feeling of the water colors, the oils this time, as I have said, carry the weight of the exhibition, and the strength Marin now displays in this medium represents, I think, an important advance in his career. Water color, for all its clarity and brilliance, is a form of understatement; it leaves gaps, so to speak; you look through it at the world, while oil painting alone has the power to show us the world complete, in all its depth and complexity,

and to say that now Marin has finally realized the potentialities of the richer medium is to say that his own stature as an artist has increased correspondingly.

There are weaknesses still, to be sure. Once or twice his color slides off into something dangerously close to sweetness, as in his "New Hampshire, October—1940, No. II" (he adheres throughout to the austere practice of listing his pieces merely by subject and number), and there's a portrait, "John Marin, Junior," which on the whole can only be classed as unfortunate. But the oils



have power and depth and true painter's feeling, and two of them are really shining examples. The first is another autumn landscape, No. I in the New Hampshire series, all bold scarlets and vivid yellows. The other, called "Cape Split, Maine—1940, No. III," is a study of the sea in sunlight, and though the sun itself is not portrayed (indeed, there's hardly more than a hint of either shoreline or horizon; the focus is on the sea alone), its blaze on the water and the varying effects of translucence and green opacity it sets up are handled with really consummate delicacy and skill. This is a picture worth studying; here, it seems to me, Marin's genius for simplification, his deep understanding of the sea's mechanics, and his new mastery of oil techniques are combined to produce something not very far from perfection.

TWO nice sculpture shows are on at the moment, one a first exhibition by Challis Walker at the Passadoit, and the other by Milton Hebard at the A.C.A. In the latter artist's work, one feels a straining at the limits of the medium itself. He has more to say, almost, than sculpture can encompass, or at least more than his own knowledge of the art now permits, and this drives him at times to employ some fairly nonsensical devices, like the meaningless little symbolic roofs he puts over his figures in "Farmer" and "Security." But it leads him too into other adventures that are more profitable, and such items as his "Interior," done in a mixture of high relief and three-dimensional sculpture, his vigorously modelled "Distracted Woman," and the tight semi-abstract called "Struggle" are not only ef-



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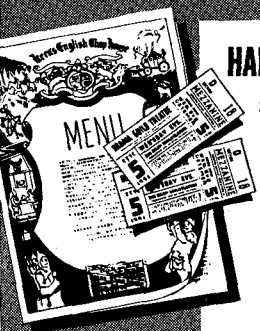
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fective in themselves but are also interesting as evidences of a lively, inquiring mind.

The works by Miss Walker, though more conventional in style, are equally engaging, and there's a fine feel of honesty about her sculptures that I found particularly encouraging. Sometimes this honesty, coupled with a kind of literalness of vision, gets in her way, as witness the needless awkwardnesses of her plaster "Torso" (No. 15 in the catalogue). But when it leads her to such firmly modelled and soundly balanced pieces as the small "Kneeling Woman" and the warmly simple "Head of a Child," it appears as a very encouraging quality indeed.

FIRST showings, too, are the order of the day at Valentine's and 460 Park. The artist at the Valentine is a modern primitive named Raisa Robbins, and she paints in gouache. She's a true naïve, and her work—flower studies and still lifes mostly, with a few outdoor pieces thrown in for good measure—has the flat, precise pattern and unparticularized detail which give that style its charm. In her case it's enhanced by a really fine color sense, and there's real brilliance in such items as her glittering "Country-Fair," her cool "Corn-flowers," and the luminous "White Lily." ... The newcomer at 460 Park—from Michigan—is Charles Culver, who shows water colors. These are mainly landscapes, of the Middle West and of Mexico, and they reveal both a high degree of technical facility and a strong sense of pattern. Here and there, as in "Junk Pile" and the "Mexican Houses up a Hill," his ease in the medium tempts him almost into slickness. But even in these there's a structural soundness beneath the design that gives the work validity, and such pieces as "November Landscape," with its bold diagonals, "River Flats," and the "Gray Winter Day" struck me as being forceful and vigorous compositions.

—ROBERT M. COATES

WHAT COLUMNIST D'YA READ?

New Yorkers are talking about: The blazing of Franchot Tone and Alice Faye. —Walter Winchell in the *Mirror*, Dec. 9th.

The Franchot Tone-Peggy Moran affair, they say, has passed the studio publicity stage.—Danton Walker in the *News*, Dec. 9th.

Jimmy Stewart and Olivia De Havilland are as far apart now as ASCAP and BMI.... She and Franchot Tone have discovered each other.—Ed Sullivan in the *News*, Dec. 9th.



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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Stories

NOT since "Little Women" has Katharine Hepburn appeared on the screen to such advantage as in "The Philadelphia Story." That there's perhaps still a trace of Louisa M. Alcott's Jo perceptible in Philip Barry's heiress as we see her now hasn't hurt the part or made it seem unlikely in the least, far separate as Miss Alcott's world and Mr. Barry's may be. To all her dash and style and looks, Miss Hepburn adds Jo's gentleness on occasion, which helps enormously to enhance the general charm of the picture, softens the tone of the difficult relationship of the father and daughter, and, I think, contributes a grace, a polite and pleasant flavor, to the crisis at the swimming pool, which might, without it, have been maudlin. The film is a Hepburn triumph, and moviegoers who resent the theatre's habit of requisitioning their stars may feel that Miss Hepburn's time on the stage has not been spent in vain and that she simply prepared herself for this achievement during the long run of the play.

The play has been adroitly adjusted for the screen by Donald Ogden Stewart. He's done a very good job. There have been neat little touches inserted, such as a librarian scene, with Quaker thees and thous, which identify the setting for us and make it clear that this is not, say, "The Des Moines Story" or a story of other cities where there are also appallingly rich people. This business of being very rich—always a torturous thing, according to Mr. Barry—isn't too much hammered upon, and Mr. Stewart allows us to think that the rich may sometimes forget their burden. The mother and father (Mary Nash and John Halliday) manage to be quite human throughout, and, of course, that delightful creation from the play, that brat of a child sister (Virginia Weidler), is given full scope, to the relish of all. The two reporters (Ruth Hussey and James Stewart) are allowed some protective humor of their own in the wretched predicament they are forced to face, and manage to handle themselves pretty well, all things considered. John Howard has the thankless rôle of the bridegroom who is destined to disaster, and Cary Grant, as the ex-husband and eventually successful suitor—which may sound perplexing to people who don't know the story, or their Phil-

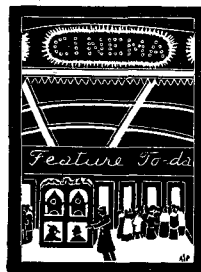
adelphia—swings nonchalantly enough over the hurdles of the plot and is, I should say, as courageous as any hapless Widener.

ANOTHER British thriller which no one must miss has turned up. "Night Train," like "Blackout," was put together in those intrepid and enterprising English studios sometime just after the outbreak of war, and I am inclined to consider it more exciting than "Blackout," more so, perhaps, than "Foreign Correspondent," and even as good a melodrama as "The Lady Vanishes." Carol Reed,

its director, can be as sharp and as quick on the trigger as Alfred Hitchcock, and has been disciplined in the art of mystery-writing and adventure by years of apprenticeship as stage manager for Edgar Wallace. The picture is full of surprises, and no surprise is flat or dull. The scene shifts back and forth across the Channel, even into the highest headquarters in Berlin; takes us on a night train on the very eve war is declared; and lands us at last for a grand climax on the mountain peaks of the Swiss border. Margaret Lockwood, of "The Lady Vanishes," is the heroine, Rex Harrison an expert hero, and there are plenty of villains. I was further delighted to meet again those comic tourists, also from "The Lady Vanishes," the cricket-playing Basil Radford and Naunton Wayne, who help to bear out a conviction of mine that in the best thrillers you will find, too, the best humor.

THERE'S a Clark Gable film out, and you may run on a few other such trifles. Mr. Gable escorts Hedy Lamarr in "Comrade X," a thing contrived for a laugh at the Russian Experiment, like "Ninotchka," but it's merely a slap-happy contraption about a Hechtian newspaperman, Russian marriage, the secret police, and the tank corps. . . . "Tea for Two" and "I Want to Be Happy" survive in the screen "No, No, Nanette," but it's mostly scenario stuff, with thoroughly wooden performances by Anna Neagle, Richard Carlson, Victor Mature, and Roland Young. . . . In "Dr. Kildare's Crisis," the Doctor suspects he is marrying into a family with epileptic tendencies, love, as usual, being complicated.

—JOHN MOSHER



THE EIGHT-CYLINDER SHAY

ONE Sunday afternoon a few weeks ago, my wife and I were driving through the Berkshires and stopped at the Red Lion Inn for a hot drink and a sandwich. At the table next to ours was a group of four ladies having tea. They were white-haired and were dressed in beautiful soft tweeds. Their names, I learned eventually, were Grace, Lucy, Mabel, and Daisy. They chattered together happily while their bird-claw fingers pecked at pieces of cinnamon toast and buttered scones, and I liked their being there because they fitted into my preconceived picture of a fine New England inn on a cold fall afternoon. When I began to catch what they were saying, my casual, sympathetic interest turned to morbid attention.

The first thing I heard clearly was Grace's remark that last night's new moon looked like "a fingernail of God." Instead of throwing Grace out on her ear, the other ladies agreed that she was right. Then Mabel observed that the hills along the Mohawk Trail looked like old Paisley shawls, and she got an understanding smile from all for this apt simile. Finally they settled down to a discussion of Lucy's new house, which was really not new but an old salt-box she'd remodelled, preserving—and, I gathered, even adding to—the antique quality of the place. The three other ladies had evidently driven up from New York to see it. Lucy blushed prettily at the compliments they paid her house, and when the talk lapsed she tactfully revived it by asking their opinion of some feature they'd neglected to mention.

From what I heard, Lucy's house was something like this: The driveway was lighted by old carriage side-lamps mounted on rustic posts. It led to the side of the house. Guests walked around to the front without being subjected to the sight of the service entrance, which was shielded by vines growing over a wire supported by two old well sweeps. On the lawn were (1) an old dory anchor from Lyme, (2) a maple-sugar boiling pot, hung from a rustic tripod, in which marigolds were planted, (3) a five-gallon antique green-glass bottle (empty), (4) an antique wrought-iron settee. Flanking the front

steps, in lieu of handrails, were two old wagon wheels, painted white with red spokes. On the porch were copper Dutch kitchen pots. In the house, in addition to the expectable antique furniture, were (1) a spinning wheel, (2) a cobbler's bench, used as an occasional table, (3) lamp bases made of old jugs with parchment shades on which were pasted pages of old printed matter, (4) crossed muskets over the fireplace, (5) a non-functioning antique clock, (6) fire irons in antique buggy-whip holders. On the hall table was a brass samovar.

LATER, driving down Route 7, my wife remarked that the conversation we'd overheard could have been held only in our time. Driving along, I thought about this, and decided that I disagreed. I went so far as to picture to myself a group of nice old ladies having tea at an old inn at Stockbridge in late fall, circa 2040 A.D., and the conversation they'd have. It went something like this:

GRACE: Lucy, darling, where *did* you find that lovely set of sealed-beam headlights for your entrance drive? And those wonderful antique hand-operated gas pumps they're mounted on? They're so quaint.

LUCY (*flushing happily*): Did you notice them? The lamps are from nineteen-

forty Buicks—very rare now. I had such fun finding them. And the gas pumps I got at a quaint old place on Allen Street, in New York.

MABEL: And those lovely Packard crank-cases?

LUCY: The ones with the marigolds planted in them? On the lawn? Well, I have a little man who goes around the country picking things up in old garages, and he—

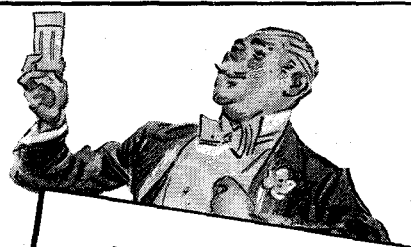
DAISY: Oh, Lucy! Then maybe he can help me find a nine-

teen-thirty Rolls-Royce rear seat for my garden! Will you ask him?

LUCY: I will, dear, of course. Did you notice the newel post on my second-floor landing?

GRACE: Of course, Lucy, dearest. (*Sententiously*) A perfectly preserved Oldsmobile drive shaft, nineteen thirty-five, with some of the original grease still on it. I'm—

MABEL: Nineteen thirty-seven—the



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THE NEW YORKER

LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME VOLUMES BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS

*(All or a considerable part of the contents of each
of these books first appeared in this magazine.)*

An American in Paris, by Janet Flanner.
(Simon & Schuster, \$2.50.)

Witty, knowing, and to the point, each of these biographical articles serves to increase one's comprehension of the Europe of the last twenty years, whether it be the story of Queen Mary, of Hitler, of Lady Mendl, or of Elsa Maxwell.

Gossip: The Life and Times of Walter Winchell, by St. Clair McKelway. (Viking, \$1.75.)

An audacious and valuable biography of one of the astonishing figures in modern journalism, explaining much about him and much about the editorial tendencies of the day.

Celibate at Twilight, by John Mosher.
(Random House, \$2.)

Bachelor memoirs, not untouched by a gentle note of sentiment, ranging from a quiet evening with a dress shirt to moments of violent panic on Fire Island, by a man who knows and forgives a lot. With a number of illustrations by Mary Petty that set a suitable tone for the whole collection.

Fables for Our Time and Famous Poems Illustrated, by James Thurber.
(Harper, \$2.50.)

Pictures and prose to delight the souls of the innocent and disenchanted alike, with an interpretation of household poems that gives them an unexpected freshness. Essential, of course, to all Thurberites.

A Pocketful of Wry, by Phyllis McGinley.
(Duell, Sloan & Pearce, \$2.)

A volume of epicurean light verse, a great deal of it having to do with the ways of life in New York, and all enlightening and inspiring.

Letter from England, by Mollie Panter-Downes. (Little, Brown, \$2.)

What life has been like in London from September, 1939, to September, 1940, described in a series of letters which are direct, candid, and thorough.

Look Who's Talking, by S. J. Perelman.
(Random House, \$2.)

"Is There an Osteosynchondroitician in the House?" is a question put and expertly answered in one of the articles in this book, a string of gems collected from the works of this quite lunatic humorist.

Pal Joey, by John O'Hara. (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, \$2.)

That remarkable series of letters which reveal the slippery soul of a rowdy nightclub singer and tickle the minds of readers who occasionally go out nights.

The Face Is Familiar: The Selected Verse of Ogden Nash (Little, Brown, \$2.75.)

A big tome of perhaps the lightest and flightiest rhymes turned out these days by a master in his own school of verse, including such diverse matters as "A Child's Guide to Parents" and "Bankers Are Just Like Anybody Else, Except Richer."

Fellow Citizens, by Gluyas Williams.
(Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50.)

The Inner Man, Literary Renegades, Club Life in America, Industrial Crises, and other such series, many from this magazine, as pictured and interpreted by this illuminating and observant artist. An introduction by Robert Benchley is properly appreciative.

Good Humor Man, by George Price.
(Farrar & Rinehart, \$2.)

Over two hundred cartoons, most of them from *The New Yorker*, including, of course, Mother's Day in the subway and many of those razzle-dazzle domestic scenes which befuddle social investigators. Also a diary of studio life by the artist himself.

Short Stories from The New Yorker.
(Simon & Schuster, \$3.)

Some hilarious stories and some grim ones, all distinguished, selected from the fiction published in this magazine during its first fifteen years.

same year as the radiator-grille firescreen in the living room.

LUCY (*wonderingly*): Mabel, you're *marvellous*! You know as much as any decorator.

DAISY: Lucy, where did you ever pick up that lovely windshield-wiper—the one that's on the fanlight over the door to the library? I'd adore to have one.

LUCY (*proudly*): That came from my great-grandfather's car.

DAISY: Marvellous!

MABEL: And those crossed Lewis guns over the radiator?

GRACE: And the Brown & Sharpe turret lathe in the drawing room?

MABEL: And those quaint brake-drum bookends?

LUCY: You're all being too sweet. There is one thing I'm very proud of, though. Did you notice the lampshades in the dining alcove?

GRACE: The cellophane ones with labels pasted on them?

LUCY (*condescendingly*): Those weren't labels, my dear. Those were Paterson-Jersey City Bus Line time-tables, *nineteen twenty-six*!

THE OTHERS: Oh-h-h!

AND so it would go: lathes replacing spinning wheels in the parlor, wagon-wheel handrails replaced by Mack Truck bumpers, and, gracing the hall table in place of a samovar, a 1938 bean-wagon coffee machine.

The end of this conversation of the future has a familiar ring that I don't like. I tried changing the setting and some of the characters to get a different finale, but realism demanded the same conclusion each time. When the ladies of 2040 finish their tea and go out on the porch at dusk, Lucy notices that the hills look just like Paisley shawls, and Grace remarks that the moon looks like God's fingernail. Some things are immortal.

—A. C. SPECTORSKY

"I used to have a funny idea," I said. "When I was very little I used to wonder how Mamma made the buttons she put on the dresses she sewed for me. Then later I found out she bought them. I wish I could grow up in a hurry so I would know everything."—*Mademoiselle*.

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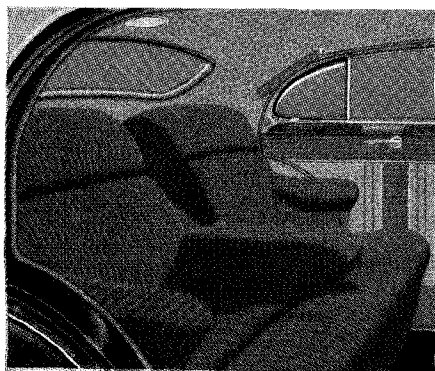
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Women versus Cancer

by Isaac F. Marcossou

(Member Advisory Council New York City Cancer Committee)

One of the most inspiring spectacles on the American scene today is the line-up of women in the expanding war on cancer. It is altogether fitting that they should be thus embattled. It was a woman—the illustrious Madame Curie—who contributed one of the three effective weapons in the arsenal which combats cancer. Through her discovery of radium she helped to make cure and relief possible. Moreover, cancer takes a greater toll of women than of men. In 1937, for example, 77,425 women were victims of this dread disease, while 67,349 men succumbed to it. This roster is all the more tragic because a high proportion of the cases could have been cured if early treatment had been taken.

It was to bring home the need of prompt diagnosis to every victim, or potential victim, that the Women's Field Army of the American Society for the Control of Cancer came into being in 1936, as a volunteer educational organization. Whether within, or without, the ramparts of the cancer fight, every observer has long realized that cancer is a ruthless killer. It remains a cruel and baffling mystery. Amid the wreckage of once useful lives, able and devoted men and women the country over are searching for the clues that will some day reveal the cause of this scourge of the human race.

Out of the darkness which still shrouds cancer emerges one clear and indisputable fact. It is embodied in the slogan; "Early Cancer is Curable. Fight It With Knowledge" which flies from the battle-flag of the Women's Field Army.

Three thousand miles away across the broad reaches of the Atlantic another war is raging, with hate, despotism, and lust for power arrayed against reason, tolerance, and all the other assets of democracy. Over there, needless toll is taken of young manhood that might have been rich and fruitful. The war on cancer, on the other hand, is a bloodless conflict with salvage instead of destruction, as the objective. The Women's Field Army is therefore a far-flung agency to educate and to save. Its victories are unsung but they are nevertheless "more renowned" than the conquests of actual war.

Since it is committed to the disease that ranks

second as the cause of death in the United States, the organization of the Women's Field Army is precisely like that of a military unit. Mrs. Grace Morrison Reynolds is Honorary National Commander. There is a National Commander-in-Chief in the capable person of Mrs. Marjorie B. Illig who formerly was National Chairman of the Division of Health of the General Federation of Women's Clubs. Radiating from this centralized authority, as from the general headquarters of a fighting army in the field, are divisions in every state with the sole exception of Connecticut where an organization will soon be in the making. Each state has what might be termed a divisional staff with chief, captains, and lieutenants. The military formation is maintained all along the line. From state headquarters the local campaigns are planned and waged. Through talks, and with the written word, the gospel of early diagnosis of cancer is preached. Like the Visiting Nurse system in the big cities, the war is carried to the homes of people.

If a person is found to have symptoms of cancer (they do not always mean cancer), he or she is urged to go to a physician or to one of the 307 cancer clinics scattered throughout the United States. These clinics, operating under the rigid standards of the American College of Surgeons, are the unrelenting foes of the swarm of cancer quacks whose sometimes widely advertised "cures" with fake "remedies" despoil the gullible of millions of dollars every year.

There are more than fifty-one divisions of the Women's Field Army in 47 states and the District of Columbia. Local centers of cancer education—all units of the Field Army—have been established in half of the 3,070 counties of the nation. Enlisted in these divisions is an army of 150,000 women. Their efforts are bulwarked by more than 625 National and State organizations, fraternal societies, women's clubs, and other groups, all inspired by the same high motive. It is to sterilize the fear of cancer, and to stay the devastating march of this age-old foe of mankind.

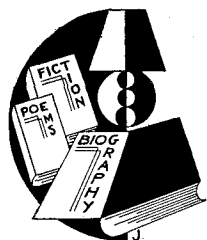
Every individual, man or woman, may aid this fight by studying and acting upon the literature of cancer control and by enrolling in the Field Army.

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BOOKS

William Saroyan's Songs of Innocence



UTILIZING a spare quarter of an hour, Mr. Saroyan has written a not undiverting and by no means unnecessary demonstration of the fact that he was once even younger than he is now. "My Name Is Aram" deals with the boyhood of a little shaver named Aram Garoghlanian, one of a numerous family. "As to whether or not," says Mr. Saroyan, "the writer himself is Aram Garoghlanian, the writer cannot very well say. He will, however, say that he is not, certainly *not* Aram Garoghlanian." Such coyness, pointing to a new and hitherto unsuspected reticence on Mr. Saroyan's part, need not be taken too seriously. It's a fair guess, with this or any other utterance by Mr. Saroyan, that he's talking about himself.

The method in this small book is no less familiar than the subject. Mr. Saroyan, as you all know, is the master of the guess-what's-coming school. His program is of the completely spontaneous and unrehearsed variety. Or, as he puts it, "If the truth is told, the writer, even as he wrote, was less writer than reader, and had as little idea as to what was coming next, for sure, as you are likely to have." Mr. Saroyan knows not what course others may take, but as for him, give him ad-liberty or give him death. "My Name Is Aram," therefore, may be summarized as a series of extemporaneous remarks, some droll, some a touch dull, based on Mr. Saroyan's recollections of his boyhood in and around Fresno, California, from 1915 to 1925.

All the Garoghlanians are eccentric and poetical, as you might guess, and their comments are in the now

firmly established "Time of Your Life" tradition. Sometimes they are momentarily charming, these Garoghlanians, and sometimes momentarily wearying. In any case, their effect is momentary, as the effect of most extemporaneous remarks is apt to be. I happen to find wearying the anecdote about Cousin Mourad and the beautiful white horse; the one about the little Aram and his physical examination; the one about himself, his Cousin Arak, Miss Daffney, and the poem Arak wrote on the blackboard; the one about the circus; and the final anecdote, called "A Word to Scoffers." On the other hand, I find delightful Aram's adventures by letter with Lionel Strongfort; the story about his Cousin Dikran, the orator; the story of the Presbyterian choir singers, which is really funny rather than merely odd; and the one about Locomotive 38, the Ojibway Indian, which is the best piece of extemporaneousness in the book.

I regret that I cannot see in any of these sketches the "grown and many-

colored artist, the genuine poet in prose, and spokesman for the youth of the world" that Mr. Christopher Morley, for example, sees. They have the agreeable sentimentality that Mr. Saroyan's numerous opera have by now overfamiliarized us with, and at their best they are droll in a manner that is Mr. Saroyan's very own. The word "cute" is really the one I'm looking for; Mr. Saroyan is *cute*, cute as anything, and cuteness has its charm, no doubt. But all you have to do is stack this book up against "Tom Sawyer" or even "Penrod" or "The Story of a Bad Boy" to see that here is no masterpiece of boyhood. As for Mr. Saroyan's wisdom (life-is-so-lovely-and-queer-and-unexpected), I think I prefer my whimsy without frills, the way you get it in "Peter Pan."

The illustrations, by Don Freeman, have their own ingratiating quality, but hardly seem to fit Mr. Saroyan's Armenians or to chime in with the wayward, non-literal Saroyan moods. Perhaps Mr. Saroyan should not be il-



"Whee! Wasn't it nice of Papa to buy us all union suits?"



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illustrated at all except in some highly volatile medium. Sky-writing?

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

VERSE

POETRY, in a truly creative epoch (such as existed in Europe from 1918 to the early thirties), is distinguished by the variety of surprising and delightful sounds made by the poets who produce it. Uniformity of tone is a sure sign of something going to seed. In America, the poets active in what was roughly called the poetic Renaissance, which started around 1912, have lapsed into uniformity. These poets are now widely accepted and read. They are winners of Pulitzer Prizes, members of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, pillars of literary society, and wearers of the official palm. But, in their progress through these honors, they have come to sound almost exactly alike. They are, moreover, not only more or less indistinguishable from each other but also practically indistinguishable from the poets contained in Stedman's "Victorian Anthology" or from Victor Hugo. It is so difficult and exasperating to think up something to say about poets who exemplify this condition that one puts off the task as long as possible. In consequence, the books dealt with here are being reviewed late.

Reading such books, one is reminded of what happens to certain highly cultivated flowers after cultivation ceases. They revert to magenta, a debased hue, neither one thing nor the other. Beneath the level of truly creative expression, in any period, in all arts, runs this level of coloring. It is the natural, middle, uniform tone beneath human expression; a little sad, a little sentimental, self-indulgent, vain, quite rhetorical, and very, very "stock." It is easy and academic to call this state post-Romantic or whatnot. It is a state at once too simple and too complex to be thus summarily described. Flaubert called it middle-class. It is the state and the level of Salieri as opposed to that of Mozart; of Greuze as opposed to Delacroix. It is the level above which the artist raises himself, almost unconsciously, by the very power of his idiosyncrasies. In poetry, as in other art forms, the power and the glory come in with the unique sound of the individual exploring all emotion through the unique emotion of his individual mind and heart.

Yes, it would have been difficult, in 1915 or so, to foresee the day when, for example, Conrad Aiken and Edna Millay would come to sound much alike. Aiken, who once had his own accent

and method, in 1940, in a new book, a sequence of forty-three sonnets entitled "And in the Human Heart," almost completely loses them. Mr. Aiken, in maturity, can write on any subject. He absorbs time, space, human love, eternity, the weather, and nature in all its varied manifestations. He absorbs these and (the sure sign of sentimentality, that magenta of the spirit) he feels himself able to cope with them. Before the fluency and the rhetoric of Mr. Aiken's sonnets, all obstacles melt away. The sonnet form, which must be kept formal and stern if it is not to become a bloated literary exercise, serves in Mr. Aiken's case to accentuate the immaturity of his matter. For the mature poet does not soar above tragedy. He accepts, examines, and describes it, in spite of the fact that in our day it is particularly difficult to remain disciplined and thus accept, examine, and describe.

WE now come to Miss Millay's new book, "Make Bright the Arrows." This volume was written, according to her publishers, at high speed and with great indignation. It appears coincidentally with Miss Millay's announcement in the press that she is through with "art" for the duration. In these poems, she expresses the utmost horror and disgust at what is going on in Europe, and advocates that everyone immediately set about sharpening weapons, in both the spiritual and material sense, in order to go into action to make a better world. That it is a sincere book goes without question. What strikes the reader is that here is a new war, different in almost all respects from wars which have preceded it, being urged upon people in exactly the same way that it was urged in 1914. The noble tone, the stock sentiment, which post-1918 poetry, in all European languages, depreciated and made tiresome and unreadable, reappear. Apollinaire, the best exponents of Dada, Eliot, Rilke, Yeats, and Auden, who parodied and analyzed this tone, have gone for nothing. That this sentimentality should at this particular moment appear in full force in American writing is a cause for concern and regret. And as for Miss Millay's farewell to "art," is it not better for a player, in a crisis, to close his instrument than to dedicate himself to the rendition of sentimental waltzes, or even to pounding it with his fists?

FREDERICK PROKOSCH, representing a younger generation, exhibits little allegiance to the difficult disciplines of

poetry in his punctual yearly new book, this time called "Death at Sea." Prokosch is performing the same job of adaptation for the Auden school that MacLeish performed ten years ago for Pound, Eliot, St. J. Perse, and Apollinaire. He is smoothing out, making acceptable and melodious. No one need be frightened by this young man. The real hunger, rage, analysis, terror, observation, and tragic pathos which mark a poet of first and original rank are not in him. But he sounds very soothing.

A BOOK of which it is difficult to speak, for different reasons than those which apply to the volumes just mentioned (because of its tough, unmistakable, uncompromising vigor), is the "Selected Poems" of Thomas Hardy, edited with a serious critical preface by G. M. Young. In these poems, one era ends and another begins. But it is the courage and intelligence of one man speaking that here give meaning to both.

—LOUISE BOGAN

BRIEFLY NOTED FICTION

QUICK SERVICE, by P. G. Wodehouse.

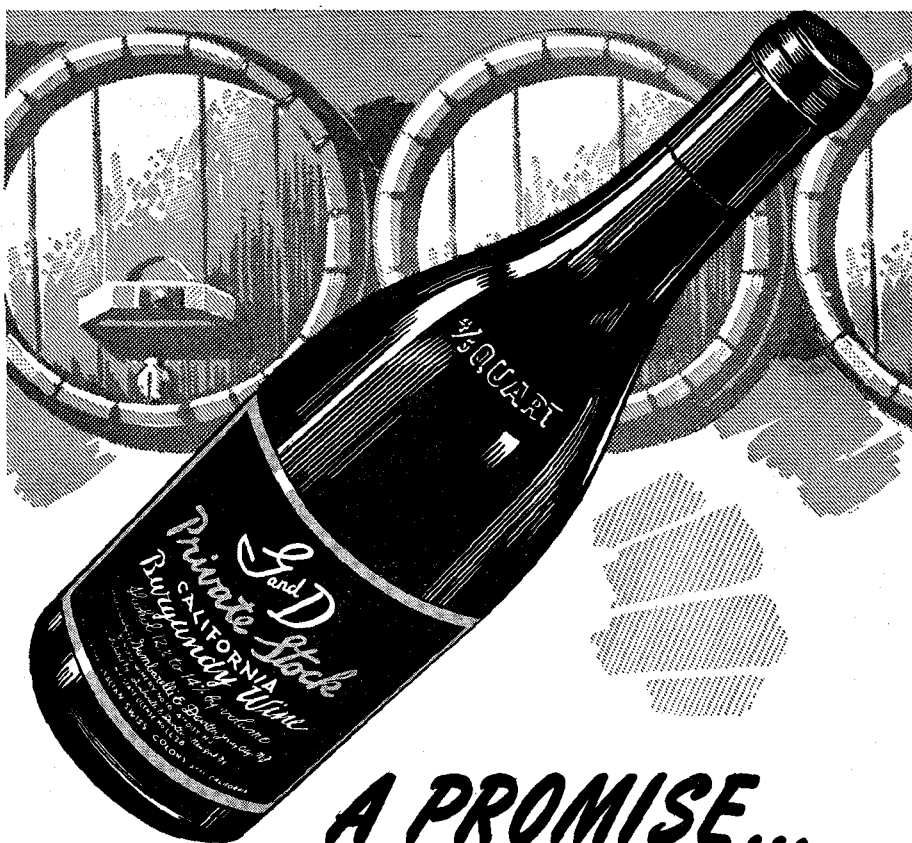
Deals, in the familiar helter-skelter fashion, with a ham big businessman, a lady with a sneer, a dumb young man, a brash but clever young man, a lovely girl, and so on. Perhaps there are fewer inspired epithets than usual; otherwise, just plain Wodehouse.

THIS IS THE SCHOOLROOM, by Nicholas

Monsarrat. The education of an Englishman during the past five years. When young Mr. Hendricks learns of his father's death, he is a gilded youth at Cambridge, almost too drunk to understand the telegram. His father is not only dead but bankrupt. With a good deal of Mr. H. G. Wells' earnestness and not a little of his narrative gift, Mr. Monsarrat leads his hero through a world of protest, privation, and ideas that he had not previously known and brings him to a solution for some of its ills that also has a Wellsian ring. A readable, thoughtful book.

A TIME WILL COME, by Rachel M.

Varble. A novel about the problems of women around 1900, when they were still more or less chattels of their husbands and couldn't vote or anything. Miss Varble has done a lot of earnest research on the clothes, furniture, popular songs, and customs of the time, and does not leave enough of them out. One of her char-



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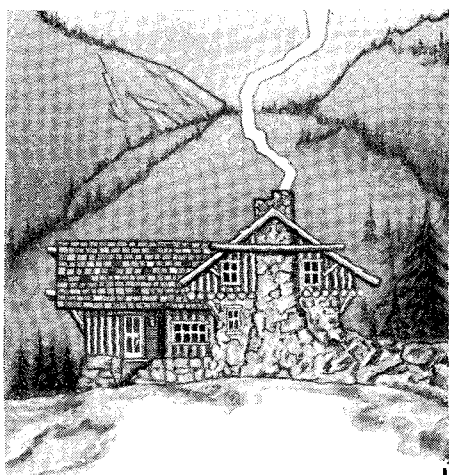
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acters is Susan B. Anthony, who wants things done directly and honestly, but the other ladies depend on flattery and chicanery and seem to get their own way most of the time.

GENERAL

FRANCE WILL LIVE AGAIN, by Samuel Chamberlain. Generous and lovely picture book of provincial France in the interlude between 1919 and 1939. Paris and some of the other large cities are not represented. Seven lithographs, many drypoint etchings and sketches in pen, pencil, and crayon, along with a lot of photographs—all very cleanly reproduced, with notes by Mr. Chamberlain. Donald Moffat contributes an eloquent and perceptive introduction.

LOCOMOTIVES ON PARADE, by Edward Hungerford. The author, who wrote the script for "Railroads on Parade," at the World's Fair, highlights the natural history of American locomotives up to the present, including recent developments in electric, Diesel, and combination types. Interestingly if not very well written, and seductively illustrated.

FATHER DESMET, by Helene Magaret. Biography of the Belgian priest who helped found a Jesuit establishment in St. Louis in 1823, became a missionary to and defender of the Indian tribes of the Northwest, discovered gold in the Black Hills, and served as a chaplain in the United States Army. This is wide-ranging Americana, recounted with a strong feeling for the poetic values of the material.

THE MYSTERIOUS EAST (WINTER SPORTS DIVISION)

[From the Peking Chronicle]

JAPAN TO CENSOR
INSINCERE SKIERS

Domei

TOKYO, September 5.—If skiing did not provide such excellent physical development, the authorities would ban the sport as out of keeping with the spirit of the times, the *Asahi Shimbun* says.

There are many insincere skiers who ski purely for enjoyment and there are some who go to resorts and do not ski at all, the paper says. When they appear at mountain resorts and do not ski earnestly, they will be "ticked off" by members of the young men's associations, according to the *Asahi*. In the event such unofficial approaches are ineffective, they will be presented with handbills saying, "let us remember to keep these mountains and so enjoy skiing." Manufacturers of sporting materials are said to have decided to make outfits in sombre colours.

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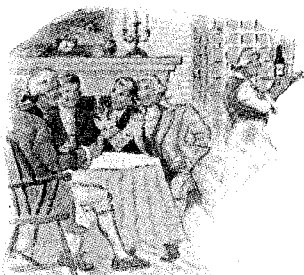
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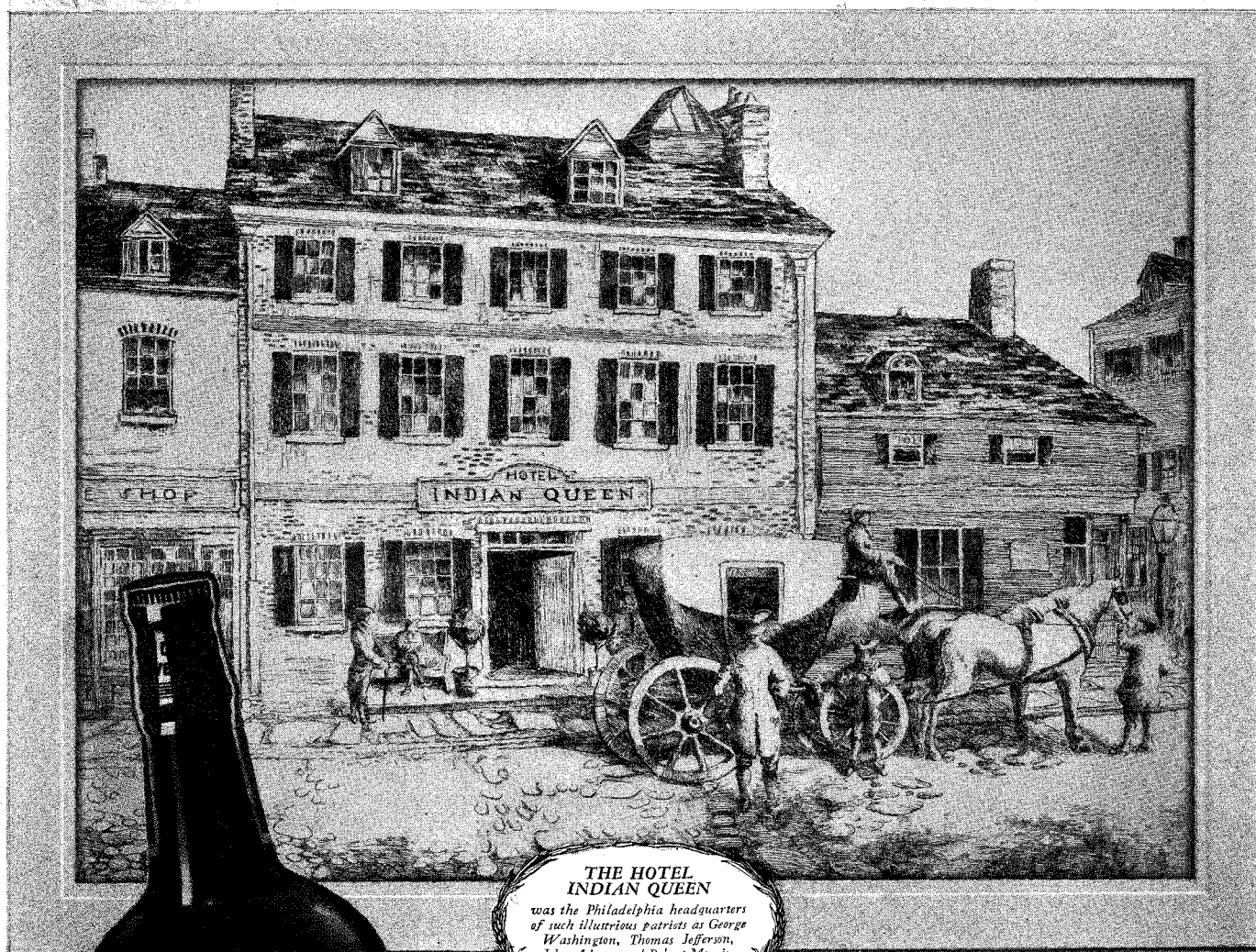
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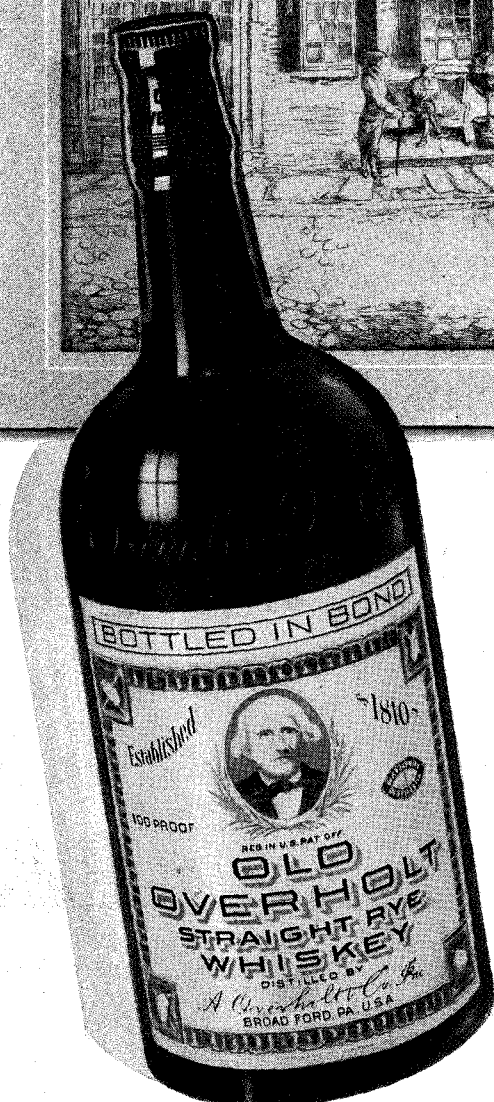


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